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The Tudor Shakespeare

EDITED BY

WILLIAM ALLAN NEILSON

AND

ASHLEY HORACE THORNDIKE

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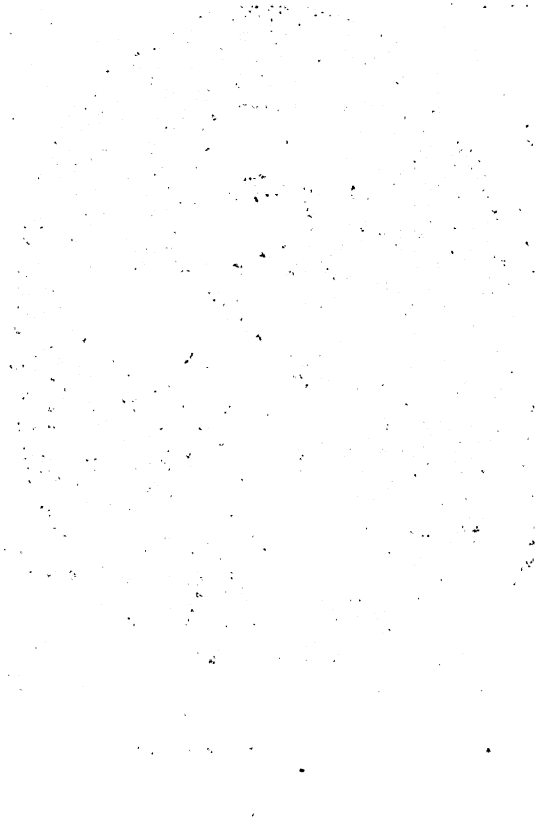

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THE TUDOR SHAKESPEARE

Venus and Adonis
The Rape of Lucrece
and other Poems

EDITED BY

CARLETON BROWN, PH.D.
PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH
IN BRYN MAWR COLLEGE

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Introduction

VENUS AND ADONIS

The Text. — The First Quarto of *Venus and Adonis*, which has been used as the basis of the present edition, appeared in 1593, "Imprinted by Richard Field, and are to be sold at the signe of the white Greyhound in Paules Church-yard." The remarkably small number of typographical errors in the first quarto strongly suggests that Shakespeare himself gave careful attention to the proof-sheets. When one considers that at the time this poem appeared the young dramatist was still an "upstart crow," that it marked his first attempt at elegant literature, and finally that it was dedicated hopefully to a noble patron, one easily understands why Shakespeare should have considered its publication to be a matter worth his personal pains.

Date of Composition. — On April 18, 1593, the *Venus and Adonis* was entered for publication in the Stationers' Register by Richard Field the printer; and a memorandum recording the purchase of a copy of the poem on June 12 of the same year assures us that it issued from the press without delay. It is altogether probable that Shakespeare began work upon it considerably within a twelvemonth of its publication. The supposition formerly entertained, that Shakespeare may have composed this poem even before he went up from Stratford to London, is completely overthrown by the discovery that *Venus and Adonis*

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depends in important details upon Lodge's *Scillaes Metamorphosis,* which first appeared in 1589. Nor does the phrase which Shakespeare applies to his poem in the Dedicatory Epistle — "the first heire of my invention" — warrant the assumption that the composition of *Venus and Adonis* preceded his earliest dramatic work. Playwriting was not at that time regarded as a serious invocation of the Muse, so that even if Shakespeare had already turned off a few plays it would hardly have occurred to him to dignify them as "heirs of his invention."

The most probable view as to the date of *Venus and Adonis* is that which assigns its composition to the months of 1592–1593 during which the theater with which Shakespeare was then probably connected — "The Rose" — was closed by the authorities.[1] This enforced suspension from his regular duties would have given Shakespeare an exceptional opportunity for the production of this poem. Confirmation of this date seems to be supplied by the poem itself in the reference to "the dangerous year" and "the plague" — an allusion in all probability to the plague of 1592–1593.[2]

Sources of the Poem. — Through the medium of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* the legend of Venus and Adonis was familiar throughout the Middle Ages, and through the medium

[1] On the closing of "The Rose" from June 12 to December 29, 1592, see W. W. Greg, *Henslowe's Diary*, II, 50–53. On Feb. 3, 1593, the doors of "The Rose" were again closed by an order of the Lords of the Council.

[2] See note on vv. 508–510, and further, G. Sarrasin, "Die Abfassungszeit von Shaks. *Venus und Adonis*" (*Eng. Stud.*, XIX, 352–359).

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of Golding's translation (completed in 1567) it became accessible not only to Englishmen who knew "small Latin," but to those who knew none at all.[1] As Ovid was an author universally read in the grammar schools, there is no reason to doubt Shakespeare's acquaintance with the Latin text of the Adonis legend, though it is certain that he also made direct use of Golding's translation.

But Shakespeare's indebtedness to the *Metamorphoses* is not confined to the seventy lines which deal with the story of Adonis. When he has occasion to describe the boar, he turns readily to the graphic picture of the Calydonian boar in Book VIII, and makes it the basis of his own more elaborate description.[2] Far more important, though perhaps not so direct and obvious, is the influence of the Ovidian story of Salmacis and Hermaphroditus.[3] This narrative deals with the attempt of a passion-distracted woman to woo an unwilling and unripe youth — a situation much closer in this respect to Shakespeare's poem than that presented in Ovid's version of the Adonis story. For neither in the *Metamorphoses* nor elsewhere in classical tradition will one find Shakespeare's conception of the story with its emphasis upon the furious passion of the goddess and the disdainful reluctance of Adonis. It is really, then, through the fusion of these two distinct tales in the *Metamorphoses* that we arrive at the form of the story in Shakespeare's poem. Sir Sidney Lee, in his Introduction to the Oxford Facsimile edition of *Venus and Adonis* (1905),

[1] In Golding's translation the Adonis story is found in Book X, vv. 614–646 and 827–863.

[2] See note on vv. 619–621.

[3] Book IV, vv. 382–462 (Golding's version).

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searches the Renaissance poetry of Italy, France, and Spain to discover approaches toward Shakespeare's treatment of the story, but without gaining any tangible results. The Italian poets, it is true, agree with Shakespeare in placing the scene "amid flowers blooming under the languorous heat of summer skies." But they content themselves for the most part in elaborating the Ovidian tradition. One of them, Tarchagnota, whose *L'Adone* was published in 1550, embellishes his poem by making Venus utter a complaint against Death, as in *Venus and Adonis*. Vague resemblances of this sort, however, are not sufficient to establish any direct influence, especially as they occur in the poem of an obscure writer who seems to have been unknown to the Elizabethans. And even if the influence of Tarchagnota were conceded, it would contribute but little toward explaining the form of the story in the English poem.

Nevertheless, in representing Adonis as the unresponsive recipient of Venus's caresses, Shakespeare acted upon the basis of previous suggestions, though these suggestions came not from Italy, but from his contemporaries in England. In Marlowe's *Hero and Leander* — a poem which has left its direct impress upon repeated passages in Shakespeare's poem[1] — there is a brief allusion to the story of Adonis which is most important in this connection: —

> . . . Venus in her naked glory strove
> To please the careless and disdainful eyes
> Of proud Adonis, that before her lies.

[1] See the notes on vv. 3, 161–162, 263–270, 985–986.

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This hint from Marlowe may have sufficed for Shakespeare. But it seems probable that he had a more definite source for his picture of the reluctant Adonis. In Henry Constable's "Sheepheard's Song of Venus and Adonis" one finds a succinct version of the story which agrees so completely with Shakespeare's presentation that it reads like a synopsis of his poem. Moreover, the similarities of phrase make it certain, either that Shakespeare made direct use of Constable's meager sketch, or that Constable in the "Sheepheard's Song" was epitomizing Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*.[1] Unfortunately, our ignorance as to the date of Constable's poem[2] makes it impossible to determine this point.

Against the view that Shakespeare depended on Constable one argument alone has been put forward; namely, that Shakespeare would not have been likely to select so unworthy a model for his poem. On the other hand, in favor of regarding the "Sheepheard's Song" as pre-Shake-

[1] Malone (*Shaks. Works*, ed. 1821, XX, p. 9, note and p. 87) was fully persuaded that Shakespeare depended on Constable. The contrary opinion is held by Arthur Symons (Quarto Facsimile, p. xiii), by Wyndham (*The Poems of Shakespeare*, London, 1898), by Lee, and by Pooler (*Shakespeare's Poems*, 1911).

[2] The "Sheepheard's Song" and three other poems by Constable were first published in 1600 in *England's Helicon*. The collection of this miscellany was purely a publisher's enterprise. In it were gathered many pieces of a much earlier date. Constable himself had been absent in France almost continuously since 1584, and the copies of his verses were probably secured and printed wholly without his knowledge.

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spearean are the following considerations: (1) The poem reads like a youthful exercise. But Constable was two years older than Shakespeare and received his B.A. as early as 1579–1580. (2) Constable's *Diana,* published in 1592, exhibits a poetic maturity which is in striking contrast to the "Sheepheard's Song." Indeed, in both *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece* Shakespeare more than once shows the influence of the Diana Sonnets. (3) During his residence in France, a large share of Constable's time and interest was devoted to projects for the restoration of the Catholic Church in England. While thus occupied it seems hardly likely that he should have turned his pen to such a theme as Adonis. (4) The "Sheepheard's Song," brief as it is, includes a reference to the Ovidian tale of Myrrha, the mother of Adonis, which is lacking in Shakespeare's poem. (5) No motive can be conceived for producing the "Sheepheard's Song" *after* the appearance of *Venus and Adonis.*

Whether Shakespeare made use of Constable's poem or found in Marlowe's lines alone the germ of his characterization of Adonis, it is certain that in developing the theme he owes much to another contemporary, Thomas Lodge, who in his *Scillaes Metamorphosis* (1589) tells the story of Scilla's unsuccessful wooing of the disdainful Glaucus. Lodge's poem was written in the comparatively infrequent decasyllabic, six-line stanza which Shakespeare himself adopted in *Venus and Adonis.* Though the main action concerns itself with Glaucus and Scilla, the opening stanzas contain a brief description of the death of Adonis and the grief of Venus. Again, Lodge's description of

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Echo mocking the repulsed Scilla (vv. 697–709) furnished the basis for vv. 829–852 of *Venus and Adonis*.[1] Quite aside from these resemblances in detail, there is also the general similarity in the situation which the two poems present: viz. the pursuit of a man by a passion-inflamed woman whose pleadings meet with cool indifference.

From still another source Shakespeare must have drawn the conceit that the boar killed Adonis unintentionally, while seeking to caress him. This poetic fancy, which derives ultimately from Theocritus, is found, as Lee notes, in Tarchagnota's *L'Adone*, but it is more probable that Shakespeare became acquainted with it either through the Latin epigram of Minturno or through an English translation of the Theocritan idyl which appeared at Oxford in 1588.[2]

Shakespeare's Treatment of the Theme. — Out of all these materials at his command, Shakespeare has constructed a poem so unlike any previous treatment of the Adonis legend that it is virtually a new creation. In elaborating a story which Ovid narrated in seventy lines to a poem of almost 1200 lines, Shakespeare has added many incidents of which there is no suggestion in his sources. Most important among these perhaps is the introduction (as a kind of antitype to the main action) of the horse and jennet. Notable also are the vivid pictures

[1] These points of resemblance were noted as long ago as 1846 by J. P. Reardon (*Shaks. Soc. Papers*, III. 143–146) who, however, drew the conclusion that Lodge depended on Shakespeare!

[2] See note on vv. 1109–1116.

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of hunting scenes, which seem to have been painted from personal observation. By means of these elaborations Shakespeare not merely embellished his poem, but also surrounded the story with the atmosphere of real life. By this means also he relieved the action of the monotony which would otherwise have threatened it through the reiterated arguments and entreaties of the "sick-thoughted Venus."

In the story of Venus and Adonis Shakespeare has wisely chosen to deal with a pagan theme in a pagan spirit. Here and there, it may be conceded, the passion which flames in his lines is frankly sensual. Yet the amorous goddess herself is capable of sound doctrine: —

> Love is a spirit all compact of fire,
> Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire;

and one feels that the poem as a whole is saved from degradation by its very airiness and grace.

The Popularity of the Poem. — Shakespeare's first published poem attained immediate popularity. The first edition was soon exhausted, five subsequent editions (1594, 1596, 1599, 1600, 1602) were issued within Shakespeare's life, and after his death seven further editions were printed during the seventeenth century. The immediate influence of *Venus and Adonis* upon contemporary poets supplies further evidence of the admiration which this poem excited. Richard Barnfield's use of Shakespeare's lines in his *Affectionate Shepheard* (1594) has often been pointed out. A more important reflection of the *Venus and Adonis*, which has not been noted hitherto, is found in

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Drayton's *Piers Gaveston*,[1] which was entered for publication Dec. 3, 1593, but does not seem to have been printed until 1595. For a list of the further imitations of this poem and references to it the reader must turn to the pages of the *Shakspere Allusion Book*.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE

The Text. — The First Quarto of *Lucrece*, on which the present edition is based, bears the date 1594. Like *Venus and Adonis*, it issued from the press of Richard Field, but on the title-page of the later poem the name of John Harrison appears as the publisher. The publication of *Venus and Adonis* had been undertaken by Field himself, who merely arranged with Harrison to place copies on sale at his shop "at the signe of the white Greyhound." Harrison's willingness to undertake a publisher's responsibility for *Lucrece*, as well as his purchase of the copyright of *Venus and Adonis* from Richard Field on June 25 of this year, supplies interesting incidental evidence of the success which had attended the sale of the earlier poem.

The *Lucrece*, like *Venus and Adonis*, contains a dedicatory epistle over Shakespeare's own name, and there were the same motives to impel him to give careful attention to its publication. In this instance, also, the result has been a text conspicuously free from printer's errors.

Date of Composition. — On the 9th of May, 1594, *Lucrece* was entered in the Register of the Stationers' Company by John Harrison the publisher. The composi-

[1] See ed. of 1596, Stanzas 41, 285, 288, and 293–298.

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tion of the poem must have been completed, therefore, by that date. It is not possible exactly to fix the time at which Shakespeare began work upon it. The allusion in the dedication of *Venus and Adonis* to "some graver labour" has been unduly pressed by some scholars to mean that at that time Shakespeare had already planned the *Lucrece* or possibly may even have begun work upon it. Thirteen months is not an inordinate time for the production of a poem of 1855 lines, especially when one considers that Shakespeare was also employed in the writing and acting of plays. Yet there is some reason for thinking that the composition of *Lucrece* was restricted to even narrower limits. During the year 1593 Shakespeare was probably engaged upon *Titus Andronicus*, for the production of this as a "new" play is recorded by Henslowe on January 23, 1593–1594. The similarities between this play and *Lucrece* have led Sir Sidney Lee[1] to suggest that they occupied Shakespeare's attention at the same period. If we go farther and conjecture that it was his work upon the play which first gave to Shakespeare the definite suggestion of a poem on the story of Lucrece, it will follow that Shakespeare did not begin writing *Lucrece* until late in the autumn of 1593. Certain it is that the poem bears evidence of hasty workmanship which would be well explained by such a supposition.

Sources. — The story of Lucretia and the crime of Tarquin was narrated in verse by Ovid in his *Fasti* (II. 721–852) and in prose by Livy in his *History of Rome*

[1] Introduction to Facsimile ed., *Venus and Adonis*, Oxford, 1907, p. 7, note.

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(I, chaps. 57–59), and also by several minor Greek and Latin historians. It was through Ovid and Livy — and especially through the former — that the story became familiar in Western Europe. Of the medieval Latin versions the most important are those in the *Gesta Romanorum* and in Boccaccio's *De Claris Mulieribus* (cap. 46).

In England the story of Lucrece was told in verse almost simultaneously by Chaucer in the *Legend of Good Women* and by Gower in the *Confessio Amantis* (VII. 4754–5123). The most important English version of the sixteenth century previous to Shakespeare's poem is the free prose translation of Livy's narrative, which forms the second novel of Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*. Still other English versions of the story appear to have perished. From the Stationers' Register we learn that the sad fortunes of Lucrece were the theme of more than one ballad; and a passage in Drayton's *Matilda* (first ed., 1594) indicates that the story had recently been dramatized. The passage has sometimes been regarded as an allusion to Shakespeare's poem, but Drayton's reference to the "stage" makes this impossible: —

> *Lucrece* of whom proud Rome hath bosted long,
> Lately reuiu'd to liue another age,
> And here arriv'd to tell of *Tarquins* wrong,
> Her chaste deniall, and the Tyrants rage,
> Acting her passions on our stately stage.[1]

None of these English versions, however, except possibly Chaucer's,[2] appears to have been used by Shake-

[1] *Shakspere Allusion Book*, ed. Munro, 1909, I. 15.

[2] See note on *Lucrece*, vv. 1261–1267.

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speare. The resemblances between *Lucrece* and Painter are all explained, as Dr. Ewig has shown,[1] by their common dependence on Livy. Since Painter repeatedly omits or perverts details of the narrative which are preserved in *Lucrece,* it is clear that he did not serve as Shakespeare's source. Nor is there evidence to establish Shakespeare's use of Bandello's prolix narrative of the Lucrece story, either in the original Italian or in Belleforest's French translation. The single parallel between Bandello's novel and *Lucrece* upon which Sir S. Lee [2] lays stress, can be satisfactorily explained by referring to Livy's text.[3]

For the main fabric of his poem, then, Shakespeare turned to Ovid and Livy, and, as neither the *Fasti* nor the *History of Rome* was translated into English until the seventeenth century, he must have had recourse directly to the original Latin. Of the two, Ovid, as is natural, makes much the larger contribution.[4] His vivid poetic rendering of the story served Shakespeare's purpose more directly than the lucid narrative of the historian. Nevertheless, he kept an attentive eye upon the text of Livy; from this source alone could he have gathered the material for the prose Argument with which he prefaces his poem; and Livy also supplies him with numerous details for the poem itself.[5]

[1] Wilhelm Ewig, "Shaks. Lucrece. Eine litterarhistorische Untersuchung," *Anglia*, XXII, 1–32, 343–363, 393–455.

[2] Introduction to Facsimile ed., pp. 15–16.

[3] See note on *Lucrece*, vv. 1811–1813.

[4] Cf. T. S. Baynes, *Fraser's Magazine*, 1880, pp. 629–637, and Ewig as above.

[5] See notes on *Lucrece*, vv. 120–122, 437–439, 449–450, 1597, 1619–1620, 1709–1710, 1714–1715, 1811–1813.

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In the composition of *Lucrece* Shakespeare was also materially influenced by Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamond* (1592), just as he had taken suggestions from Lodge's poem in composing *Venus and Adonis*. The theme of the *Complaint of Rosamond* at first sight seems wholly unlike the story of the chaste Lucrece. It is the history of the unfortunate mistress of Henry II, who was confronted by the indignant queen and forced to take poison. Moreover, the story is told in the first person, being related by Rosamond's ghost as a warning to others who might be tempted to forsake the path of virtue. Yet, different as was the situation which it presented, the *Complaint of Rosamond*, in its emphasis upon the tragic consequences of sin and its serious moral exhortation, stands far closer to Shakespeare's poem than do the classical narratives on which it is based. In addition to this general resemblance in tone, one finds a number of passages in *Lucrece* which directly echo lines in the *Complaint of Rosamond*. Finally, it may be noted that the seven-line stanza adopted in *Lucrece* is also that of Daniel's poem.

In the decorations with which Shakespeare elaborated his poem, one may trace the influence of both ancient and modern authors. Most obvious among these are the detailed descriptions of scenes in the siege of Troy, which are based directly upon the *Æneid*.[1] To his contemporaries Shakespeare is not indebted for any such extended passages, but one can detect here and there throughout the poem phrases which seem to show the influence of Marlowe, Constable,[2]

[1] See notes on vv. 1366–1491 and 1500–1533.

[2] See notes on vv. 472, 477–479, 1650.

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Greene,[1] and perhaps of Giles Fletcher.[2] But the consideration of such incidental (and in some cases no doubt accidental) resemblances does not properly belong to a discussion of the "sources" of the poem.

Shakespeare's Treatment of the Theme. — Whether Shakespeare, as Professor Dowden suggests,[3] designed *Lucrece* as a companion-piece to *Venus and Adonis* or not, it was inevitable that they should be weighed against each other. Gabriel Harvey was the first to record his opinion of their relative merits. "The younger sort," he wrote, "take much delight in Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*. But his *Lucrece* and Tragedy of *Hamlet*, Prince of Denmarke, have it in them to please the wiser sort."[4] If we leave out of consideration those differences in the two poems which result from the radically diverse themes, and confine ourselves to a comparison of Shakespeare's treatment of his theme in either poem, it is doubtful whether our opinion would be so favorable to the *Lucrece*.

Stately as the poem is in its diction, and beautiful as is its imagery when examined piece by piece, in its movement it is at times undeniably tedious. The first seven hundred lines, which carry us to the execution of Tarquin's crime, are admirable, both in their descriptions and in their analysis of the contending motives which strive for control in the mind of Tarquin. But from the time that the guilty prince

[1] Pooler gives a list of parallels from Greene's prose treatise, *The Princelie Mirrour of Peereles Modestie.*

[2] See note on vv. 939–959.

[3] *Shakespeariana*, II (1886), p. 204.

[4] *Shakspere Allusion Book*, 1909, I. 56.

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slinks like a thievish dog from our sight the poem runs on for a thousand lines in an unbroken monody of lamentation before the arrival of Collatine upon the scene. In spite of the art which Shakespeare employs to vary the expression of Lucrece's grief, — the apostrophes to Opportunity, to Time, to Night, the pictures of Troy, and the rest, — we find ourselves wearied by the unending rhetoric. The declamations are too frigidly rhetorical to stir us deeply. We are moved to admiration, but not to sympathy.

The Reception of the Poem. — Shakespeare's second poem, though it helped to establish its author's reputation, met with a measure of success distinctly less than that attained by *Venus and Adonis*. After the appearance of the First Quarto, *Lucrece* was reprinted three times (1598, 1600, 1607) during Shakespeare's life; and after his death four other quartos of the poem were issued, the latest appearing in 1655. It is noteworthy also that the references to *Lucrece*, as they have been collected in the *Shakspere Allusion Book*, are far less numerous than those to *Venus and Adonis*.

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM

This was the title given by the publisher, William Jaggard, to a collection of short pieces of verse. The title-page runs as follows: "*The Passionate Pilgrime*. By W. Shakespeare. At London Printed for W. Iaggard, and are to be sold by W. Leake, at the Greyhound in Paules Churchyard, 1599."[1] In 1612 Jaggard

[1] Reproduced in facsimile, with Introduction and Bibliography by Sidney Lee, Oxford, 1905.

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brought out another edition, to which two pieces by Thomas Heywood were added. As this was expressly stated to be "The third Edition" it would seem that between 1599 and 1612 an edition had been put forth, of which no copies survive.

The publication of *The Passionate Pilgrim* was undertaken wholly without Shakespeare's knowledge or consent. Indeed, Heywood (who was himself aggrieved at the purloining of two of his poems in the 1612 edition) contributes the information that Shakespeare was "much offended with M. Jaggard that (altogether unknowne to him) presumed to make so bold with his name."[1] Jaggard appears to have provided himself with the material for his volume by picking up here and there manuscript copies of unprinted poems — a frequent practice among Elizabethan publishers. On the title-page Shakespeare was made to figure as the author of the collection — with a shrewd regard to the sales of the book — though of the twenty pieces included, only five are certainly from his pen. It is noticeable that four of these assuredly Shakespearean pieces (I, II, III, and V), as well as the two others (IV and VI) which have the best claim to be regarded as his, are prominently placed at the beginning of the collection.

On the other hand several of the pieces in *The Passionate Pilgrim* had previously been printed elsewhere and are demonstrably not the work of Shakespeare. Nos. VIII and XX were printed in 1598 in Richard Barnfield's *Poems: in divers humors*, and to the same author probably belongs

[1] Postscript to the *Apologie for Actors*, 1612.

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No. XVII, which was first printed in 1597 in a collection of madrigals by Thomas Weelkes. No. XI is included in Bartholomew Griffin's collection of sonnets, *Fidessa*, published in 1596. No. XIX is Marlowe's well-known lyric, with the addition of a stanza — "Love's Answer" — traditionally ascribed to Sir Walter Raleigh.

The authorship of the remaining nine pieces must continue to be doubtful. It is possible, but hardly probable, that one or two of them may be Shakespeare's. Nos. X and XIII show resemblances which strongly suggest that they are the work of the same hand — but the hand certainly is not that of Shakespeare.

Of the five pieces in *The Passionate Pilgrim* indisputably belonging to Shakespeare, two (I and II) reappeared ten years later in the printed collection, *Shakespeare's Sonnets* (Nos. 138 and 144), and the other three are to be found in Act IV of *Love's Labour's Lost* (V = Sc. ii, 109–122: III = Sc. iii, 60–73: XVI = Sc. iii, 101–120). Though the Quarto edition of this play had appeared a year before the publication of *The Passionate Pilgrim*, a comparison of the two texts establishes the fact that Jaggard did not copy from the Quarto. In the case of the pieces from *Love's Labour's Lost*, then, as in the case of the two sonnets of the 1609 collection, the publisher of *The Passionate Pilgrim* must have depended upon manuscript sources.

So far as the sonnets common to *The Passionate Pilgrim* and the edition of 1609 are concerned, it must be conceded that where differences of reading occur the advantage usually rests with the later-published text. This would appear to indicate that Thorpe's edition was based on a

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copy which had undergone further revision at Shakespeare's hand — for the differences in most cases are of the nature of "author's corrections." On the other hand, in some instances — notably in the case of the excerpts from *Love's Labour's Lost* — Jaggard's text gives the preferable reading. And at all events the fact that the Shakespearean pieces in *The Passionate Pilgrim* derive from independent MS. tradition is sufficient to give them high importance.

The "Sonnets to sundry notes of Musicke," as the last six pieces in Jaggard's collection are styled, are set off from the others by a separate title-page. This distinction, however, amounts to nothing beyond grouping these pieces as the second part of the collection. It should be noted that the term "sonnet," as used by Elizabethan publishers, was not restricted to the quatorzain, but was applied to any short lyric.

THE PHŒNIX AND THE TURTLE

Shakespeare's *Phœnix and Turtle* was first printed in 1601, along with poems on the same subject contributed by Marston, Chapman, Ben Jonson, and "Ignoto," at the end of a volume which bore the title: "*Love's Martyr or Rosalins Complaint.* Allegorically shadowing the truth of Love, in the constant Fate of the Phœnix and Turtle. A Poeme interlaced with much varietie and raritie; now first translated out of the venerable Italian Torquato Cœliano, by Robert Chester, . . ." [1]

[1] Reprinted in 1878 for the *New Shakspere Society*, with Introduction and Notes, by A. B. Grosart.

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Chester dedicates this volume, which he refers to as his "long expected labour," to Sir John Salisburie. The contributions by Shakespeare and the other poets mentioned above are preceded by a separate title-page which runs as follows: "Hereafter Follow Diverse Poeticall Essaies on the former Subject; viz.: the Turtle and Phœnix. Done by the best and chiefest of our moderne writers, with their names subscribed to their particular workes: never before extant. And (now first) consecrated by them all generally, to the love and merite of the true-noble Knight, Sir John Salisburie . . . MDCI."

Sir John Salusbury is described in the Preface as "one of the esquires of the bodie to the Queenes most excellent Maiestie." Besides being a patron of literature, he turned his own hand to the making of verse: a number of poems bearing his signature are preserved in MSS. of early Jacobean date. The author of *Love's Martyr* is a far more obscure person. Dr. Grosart believed him to be Sir Robert Chester of Royston in Hertfordshire, but this identification is impossible, because, among other reasons, the poet Chester clearly belonged to the neighborhood of Lleweny in North Wales, the seat of Salusbury.

Chester professes to have translated *Love's Martyr* from "the venerable Italian, Torquato Cæliano," but no writer of that name is known. Dr. Grosart[1] thinks perhaps this may be a mistake for Livio Celiano, a Genoese poet whose *Rime* were published at Pavia in 1592. On the other hand — though this is hardly probable — the reference to the Italian source may be intended merely

[1] Introduction, pp. lxviii–ix.

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to throw the reader off the track. In any case the original of Chester's poem has not yet been identified.

It is clear that Shakespeare's enigmatic verses, which so puzzled Emerson,[1] must depend for their interpretation upon the allegorical meaning of the *Phœnix and Turtle* in Chester's poem to which they form a pendant. Dr. Grosart believed that these birds were intended to symbolize Queen Elizabeth and Essex, but this solution of the allegory has been thoroughly refuted by Dr. Furnivall.[2] If any personal references are concealed in this poem, they are to-day as obscure as ever to the critics. The sixty-odd lines contributed by Shakespeare appear to be merely an ingenious exercise, in which one detects the influence of the conventions of the "Courts of Love," the Birds' Parliament, and the Platonic theories of the Renaissance.[3]

[1] Preface to *Parnassus* (1875).

[2] *Transactions of the New Shakspere Soc.*, 1877–1879, pp. 451–455.

[3] Cf. A. H. R. Fairchild, *Englische Studien*, XXXIII, 337–384.

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Venus and Adonis

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Venus and Adonis

Even as the sun with purple-colour'd face
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,
Rose-cheek'd Adonis hied him to the chase;
Hunting he lov'd, but love he laugh'd to scorn.
Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain unto him,
And like a bold-fac'd suitor gins to woo him.

"Thrice fairer than myself," thus she began,
"The field's chief flower, sweet above compare,
Stain to all nymphs, more lovely than a man,
More white and red than doves or roses are;
Nature that made thee, with herself at strife,
Saith that the world hath ending with thy life.

"Vouchsafe, thou wonder, to alight thy steed,
And rein his proud head to the saddle-bow;
If thou wilt deign this favour, for thy meed
A thousand honey secrets shalt thou know.
Here come and sit, where never serpent hisses,
And being set, I'll smother thee with kisses;

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"And yet not cloy thy lips with loath'd satiety,
But rather famish them amid their plenty,
Making them red and pale with fresh variety,
Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty.
A summer's day will seem an hour but short,
Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport."

With this she seizeth on his sweating palm,
The precedent of pith and livelihood,
And, trembling in her passion, calls it balm,
Earth's sovereign salve to do a goddess good.
Being so enrag'd, desire doth lend her force
Courageously to pluck him from his horse.

Over one arm the lusty courser's rein,
Under her other was the tender boy,
Who blush'd and pouted in a dull disdain,
With leaden appetite, unapt to toy;
She red and hot as coals of glowing fire,
He red for shame, but frosty in desire.

The studded bridle on a ragged bough
Nimbly she fastens: — O, how quick is love! —
The steed is stalled up, and even now
To tie the rider she begins to prove.
Backward she push'd him, as she would be thrust,
And govern'd him in strength, though not in lust.

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So soon was she along as he was down,
Each leaning on their elbows and their hips.
Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he frown
And gins to chide, but soon she stops his lips,
And kissing speaks, with lustful language broken,
"If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never open."

He burns with bashful shame; she with her tears
Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheeks;
Then with her windy sighs and golden hairs
To fan and blow them dry again she seeks.
He saith she is immodest, blames her miss:
What follows more she murders with a kiss.

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone,
Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,
Till either gorge be stuff'd or prey be gone;
Even so she kiss'd his brow, his cheek, his chin,
And where she ends she doth anew begin.

Forc'd to content, but never to obey,
Panting he lies and breatheth in her face.
She feedeth on the steam as on a prey,
And calls it heavenly moisture, air of grace;
Wishing her cheeks were gardens full of flowers,
So they were dew'd with such distilling showers.

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Look, how a bird lies tangled in a net,
So fast'ned in her arms Adonis lies;
Pure shame and aw'd resistance made him fret,
Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes.
Rain added to a river that is rank
Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

Still she entreats, and prettily entreats,
For to a pretty ear she tunes her tale;
Still is he sullen, still he lours and frets,
'Twixt crimson shame and anger ashy-pale.
Being red, she loves him best; and being white,
Her best is better'd with a more delight.

Look how he can, she cannot choose but love;
And by her fair immortal hand she swears
From his soft bosom never to remove
Till he take truce with her contending tears,
Which long have rain'd, making her cheeks all wet;
And one sweet kiss shall pay this countless debt.

Upon this promise did he raise his chin,
Like a dive-dapper peering through a wave,
Who, being look'd on, ducks as quickly in;
So offers he to give what she did crave;
But when her lips were ready for his pay,
He winks, and turns his lips another way.

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Never did passenger in summer's heat
More thirst for drink than she for this good turn.
Her help she sees, but help she cannot get;
She bathes in water, yet her fire must burn.
"O, pity," gan she cry, "flint-hearted boy!
'Tis but a kiss I beg; why art thou coy?

"I have been wooed, as I entreat thee now,
Even by the stern and direful god of war,
Whose sinewy neck in battle ne'er did bow,
Who conquers where he comes in every jar;
Yet hath he been my captive and my slave,
And begg'd for that which thou unask'd shalt have.

"Over my altars hath he hung his lance,
His batt'red shield, his uncontrolled crest,
And for my sake hath learn'd to sport and dance,
To toy, to wanton, dally, smile, and jest,
Scorning his churlish drum and ensign red,
Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.

"Thus he that overrul'd I overswayed,
Leading him prisoner in a red-rose chain;
Strong-temper'd steel his stronger strength obeyed,
Yet was he servile to my coy disdain.
O, be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
For mast'ring her that foil'd the god of fight!

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"Touch but my lips with those fair lips of thine, —
Though mine be not so fair, yet are they red, —
The kiss shall be thine own as well as mine.
What seest thou in the ground? Hold up thy head;
Look in mine eye-balls, there thy beauty lies;
Then why not lips on lips, since eyes in eyes?

"Art thou asham'd to kiss? Then wink again,
And I will wink; so shall the day seem night;
Love keeps his revels where there are but twain;
Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight;
These blue-vein'd violets whereon we lean
Never can blab, nor know not what we mean.

"The tender spring upon thy tempting lip
Shows thee unripe; yet mayst thou well be tasted.
Make use of time, let not advantage slip;
Beauty within itself should not be wasted.
Fair flowers that are not gath'red in their prime
Rot and consume themselves in little time.

"Were I hard-favour'd, foul, or wrinkled-old,
Ill-nurtur'd, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,
O'erworn, despised, rheumatic, and cold,
Thick-sighted, barren, lean, and lacking juice,
Then mightst thou pause, for then I were not for thee;
But having no defects, why dost abhor me?

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"Thou canst not see one wrinkle in my brow;
Mine eyes are grey and bright and quick in turning;
My beauty as the spring doth yearly grow,
My flesh is soft and plump, my marrow burning;
My smooth moist hand, were it with thy hand felt,
Would in thy palm dissolve, or seem to melt.

"Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green,
Or, like a nymph, with long dishevelled hair,
Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen.
Love is a spirit all compact of fire,
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.

"Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie;
These forceless flowers like sturdy trees support me;
Two strengthless doves will draw me through the sky
From morn till night, even where I list to sport me.
Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be
That thou should think it heavy unto thee?

"Is thine own heart to thine own face affected?
Can thy right hand seize love upon thy left?
Then woo thyself, be of thyself rejected,
Steal thine own freedom and complain on theft.
Narcissus so himself himself forsook,
And died to kiss his shadow in the brook.

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"Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,
Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use,
Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to bear
Things growing to themselves are growth's abuse.
Seeds spring from seeds and beauty breedeth beauty;
Thou wast begot; to get it is thy duty.

"Upon the earth's increase why shouldst thou feed,
Unless the earth with thy increase be fed?
By law of nature thou art bound to breed,
That thine may live when thou thyself art dead;
And so, in spite of death, thou dost survive,
In that thy likeness still is left alive."

By this the love-sick queen began to sweat,
For where they lay the shadow had forsook them,
And Titan, tired in the mid-day heat,
With burning eye did hotly overlook them;
Wishing Adonis had his team to guide,
So he were like him and by Venus' side.

And now Adonis, with a lazy spright,
And with a heavy, dark, disliking eye,
His louring brows o'erwhelming his fair sight,
Like misty vapours when they blot the sky,
Souring his cheeks, cries, "Fie, no more of love!
The sun doth burn my face; I must remove."

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"Ay me," quoth Venus, "young, and so unkind?
What bare excuses mak'st thou to be gone!
I'll sigh celestial breath, whose gentle wind
Shall cool the heat of this descending sun:
I'll make a shadow for thee of my hairs;
If they burn too, I'll quench them with my tears.

"The sun that shines from heaven shines but warm,
And, lo, I lie between that sun and thee;
The heat I have from thence doth little harm,
Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me;
And were I not immortal, life were done
Between this heavenly and earthly sun.

"Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as steel,
Nay, more than flint, for stone at rain relenteth?
Art thou a woman's son, and canst not feel
What 'tis to love? how want of love tormenteth?
O, had thy mother borne so hard a mind,
She had not brought forth thee, but died unkind.

"What am I, that thou shouldst contemn me this?
Or what great danger dwells upon my suit?
What were thy lips the worse for one poor kiss?
Speak, fair; but speak fair words, or else be mute.
Give me one kiss, I'll give it thee again,
And one for interest, if thou wilt have twain.

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"Fie, lifeless picture, cold and senseless stone,
Well-painted idol, image dull and dead,
Statue contenting but the eye alone,
Thing like a man, but of no woman bred!
Thou art no man, though of a man's complexion,
For men will kiss even by their own direction."

This said, impatience chokes her pleading tongue,
And swelling passion doth provoke a pause.
Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth her wrong;
Being judge in love, she cannot right her cause;
And now she weeps, and now she fain would speak,
And now her sobs do her intendments break.

Sometimes she shakes her head and then his hand,
Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground;
Sometimes her arms infold him like a band:
She would, he will not in her arms be bound;
And when from thence he struggles to be gone,
She locks her lily fingers one in one.

Fondling, she saith, "Since I have hemm'd thee here
Within the circuit of this ivory pale,
I'll be a park, and thou shalt be my deer:
Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale;
Graze on my lips; and if those hills be dry,
Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie.

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"Within this limit is relief enough,
Sweet bottom-grass and high delightful plain,
Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure and rough,
To shelter thee from tempest and from rain:
Then be my deer, since I am such a park;
No dog shall rouse thee, though a thousand bark."

At this Adonis smiles as in disdain,
That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple.
Love made those hollows, if himself were slain,
He might be buried in a tomb so simple;
Foreknowing well, if there he came to lie,
Why, there Love liv'd and there he could not die.

These lovely caves, these round enchanting pits,
Open'd their mouths to swallow Venus' liking.
Being mad before, how doth she now for wits?
Struck dead at first, what needs a second striking?
Poor Queen of love, in thine own law forlorn,
To love a cheek that smiles at thee in scorn!

Now which way shall she turn? What shall she say?
Her words are done, her woes the more increasing;
The time is spent, her object will away,
And from her twining arms doth urge releasing.
"Pity," she cries, "some favour, some remorse!"
Away he springs and hasteth to his horse.

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But, lo, from forth a copse that neighbours by,
A breeding jennet, lusty, young, and proud,
Adonis' trampling courser doth espy,
And forth she rushes, snorts and neighs aloud.
The strong-neck'd steed, being tied unto a tree,
Breaketh his rein, and to her straight goes he.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,
And now his woven girths he breaks asunder;
The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds,
Whose hollow womb resounds like heaven's thunder;
The iron bit he crusheth 'tween his teeth,
Controlling what he was controlled with.

His ears up-prick'd; his braided hanging mane
Upon his compass'd crest now stand on end;
His nostrils drink the air, and forth again,
As from a furnace, vapours doth he send;
His eye, which scornfully glisters like fire,
Shows his hot courage and his high desire.

Sometime he trots, as if he told the steps,
With gentle majesty and modest pride;
Anon he rears upright, curvets, and leaps,
As who should say, "Lo, thus my strength is tried,
And this I do to captivate the eye
Of the fair breeder that is standing by."

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What recketh he his rider's angry stir,
His flattering "Holla," or his "Stand, I say"?
What cares he now for curb or pricking spur?
For rich caparisons or trappings gay?
He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,
For nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Look, when a painter would surpass the life
In limning out a well-proportioned steed,
His art with nature's workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed;
So did this horse excel a common one
In shape, in courage, colour, pace, and bone.

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide:
Look, what a horse should have he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

Sometime he scuds far off and there he stares;
Anon he starts at stirring of a feather;
To bid the wind a base he now prepares,
And whe'er he run or fly they know not whether;
For through his mane and tail the high wind sings,
Fanning the hairs, who wave like feath'red wings.

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He looks upon his love and neighs unto her;
She answers him as if she knew his mind;
Being proud, as females are, to see him woo her,
She puts on outward strangeness, seems unkind,
  Spurns at his love, and scorns the heat he feels,
  Beating his kind embracements with her heels.

Then, like a melancholy malcontent,
He vails his tail that, like a falling plume,
Cool shadow to his melting buttock lent;
He stamps and bites the poor flies in his fume.
  His love, perceiving how he is enrag'd,
  Grew kinder, and his fury was assuag'd.

His testy master goeth about to take him;
When, lo, the unback'd breeder, full of fear,
Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,
With her the horse, and left Adonis there.
  As they were mad, unto the wood they hie them,
  Out-stripping crows that strive to over-fly them.

All swoln with chafing, down Adonis sits,
Banning his boisterous and unruly beast;
And now the happy season once more fits,
That love-sick Love by pleading may be blest;
  For lovers say, the heart hath treble wrong
  When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue.

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An oven that is stopp'd, or river stay'd,
Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage;
So of concealed sorrow may be said;
Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage;
But when the heart's attorney once is mute,
The client breaks, as desperate in his suit.

He sees her coming, and begins to glow,
Even as a dying coal revives with wind,
And with his bonnet hides his angry brow;
Looks on the dull earth with disturbed mind,
Taking no notice that she is so nigh,
For all askance he holds her in his eye.

O, what a sight it was, wistly to view
How she came stealing to the wayward boy!
To note the fighting conflict of her hue,
How white and red each other did destroy!
But now her cheek was pale, and by and by
It flash'd forth fire, as lightning from the sky.

Now was she just before him as he sat,
And like a lowly lover down she kneels;
With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat,
Her other tender hand his fair cheek feels:
His tenderer cheek receives her soft hand's print
As apt as new-fallen snow takes any dint.

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O, what a war of looks was then between them!
Her eyes petitioners to his eyes suing;
His eyes saw her eyes as they had not seen them;
Her eyes wooed still, his eyes disdain'd the wooing:
And all this dumb play had his acts made plain
With tears, which, chorus-like, her eyes did rain.

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,
A lily prison'd in a gaol of snow,
Or ivory in an alabaster band;
So white a friend engirts so white a foe.
This beauteous combat, wilful and unwilling,
Show'd like two silver doves that sit a-billing.

Once more the engine of her thoughts began:
"O fairest mover on this mortal round,
Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,
My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound;
For one sweet look thy help I would assure thee,
Though nothing but my body's bane would cure thee."

"Give me my hand," saith he, "why dost thou feel it?"
"Give me my heart," saith she, "and thou shalt have it;
O, give it me, lest thy hard heart do steel it,
And being steel'd, soft sighs can never grave it:
Then love's deep groans I never shall regard,
Because Adonis' heart hath made mine hard."

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"For shame," he cries, "let go, and let me go;
My day's delight is past, my horse is gone,
And 'tis your fault I am bereft him so.
I pray you hence, and leave me here alone;
For all my mind, my thought, my busy care,
Is how to get my palfrey from the mare."

Thus she replies: "Thy palfrey, as he should,
Welcomes the warm approach of sweet desire;
Affection is a coal that must be cool'd,
Else, suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire.
The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none;
Therefore no marvel though thy horse be gone.

"How like a jade he stood, tied to the tree,
Servilely master'd with a leathern rein!
But when he saw his love, his youth's fair fee,
He held such petty bondage in disdain;
Throwing the base thong from his bending crest,
Enfranchising his mouth, his back, his breast.

"Who sees his true-love in her naked bed,
Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white,
But, when his glutton eye so full hath fed,
His other agents aim at like delight?
Who is so faint, that dare not be so bold
To touch the fire, the weather being cold?

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"Let me excuse thy courser, gentle boy;
And learn of him, I heartily beseech thee,
To take advantage on presented joy;
Though I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach thee.
O, learn to love; the lesson is but plain,
And once made perfect, never lost again."

"I know not love," quoth he, "nor will not know it,
Unless it be a boar, and then I chase it;
'Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it;
My love to love is love but to disgrace it;
For I have heard it is a life in death,
That laughs and weeps, and all but with a breath.

"Who wears a garment shapeless and unfinish'd?
Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth?
If springing things be any jot diminish'd,
They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth.
The colt that's back'd and burden'd being young,
Loseth his pride and never waxeth strong.

"You hurt my hand with wringing; let us part,
And leave this idle theme, this bootless chat;
Remove your siege from my unyielding heart;
To love's alarms it will not ope the gate;
Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears, your flattery;
For where a heart is hard they make no battery."

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"What! canst thou talk?" quoth she, "hast thou a tongue?
O, would thou hadst not, or I had no hearing!
Thy mermaid's voice hath done me double wrong;
I had my load before, now press'd with bearing:
Melodious discord, heavenly tune harsh-sounding,
Ear's deep sweet music, and heart's deep sore wounding.

"Had I no eyes but ears, my ears would love
That inward beauty and invisible;
Or were I deaf, thy outward parts would move
Each part in me that were but sensible:
Though neither eyes nor ears to hear nor see,
Yet should I be in love by touching thee.

"Say, that the sense of feeling were bereft me,
And that I could not see, nor hear, nor touch,
And nothing but the very smell were left me,
Yet would my love to thee be still as much;
For from the stillitory of thy face excelling
Comes breath perfum'd that breedeth love by smelling.

"But, O, what banquet wert thou to the taste,
Being nurse and feeder of the other four!
Would they not wish the feast might ever last,
And bid Suspicion double-lock the door,
Lest Jealousy, that sour unwelcome guest,
Should, by his stealing in, disturb the feast?"

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Once more the ruby-colour'd portal open'd,
Which to his speech did honey passage yield;
Like a red morn, that ever yet betoken'd
Wreck to the seaman, tempest to the field,
Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,
Gusts and foul flaws to herdmen and to herds.

This ill presage advisedly she marketh:
Even as the wind is hush'd before it raineth,
Or as the wolf doth grin before he barketh,
Or as the berry breaks before it staineth,
Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,
His meaning struck her ere his words begun.

And at his look she flatly falleth down,
For looks kill love and love by looks reviveth;
A smile recures the wounding of a frown;
But blessed bankrupt, that by love so thriveth!
The silly boy, believing she is dead,
Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it red;

And all amaz'd brake off his late intent,
For sharply he did think to reprehend her,
Which cunning love did wittily prevent:
Fair fall the wit that can so well defend her!
For on the grass she lies as she were slain,
Till his breath breatheth life in her again.

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He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheeks,
He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard,
He chafes her lips; a thousand ways he seeks
To mend the hurt that his unkindness marr'd:
  He kisses her; and she by her good will
  Will never rise, so he will kiss her still.

The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day:
Her two blue windows faintly she up-heaveth,
Like the fair sun, when in his fresh array
He cheers the morn and all the earth relieveth;
  And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,
  So is her face illumin'd with her eye;

Whose beams upon his hairless face are fix'd,
As if from thence they borrowed all their shine.
Were never four such lamps together mix'd,
Had not his clouded with his brow's repine;
  But hers, which through the crystal tears gave light,
  Shone like the moon in water seen by night.

"O, where am I?" quoth she; "in earth or heaven,
Or in the ocean drench'd, or in the fire?
What hour is this? or morn or weary even?
Do I delight to die, or life desire?
  But now I liv'd, and life was death's annoy;
  But now I died, and death was lively joy.

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"O, thou didst kill me; kill me once again.
Thy eyes' shrewd tutor, that hard heart of thine,
Hath taught them scornful tricks and such disdain
That they have murd'red this poor heart of mine;
And these mine eyes, true leaders to their queen,
But for thy piteous lips no more had seen.

"Long may they kiss each other, for this cure!
O, never let their crimson liveries wear!
And as they last, their verdure still endure
To drive infection from the dangerous year!
That the star-gazers, having writ on death,
May say the plague is banish'd by thy breath.

"Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted,
What bargains may I make, still to be sealing?
To sell myself I can be well contented,
So thou wilt buy and pay and use good dealing;
Which purchase if thou make, for fear of slips
Set thy seal-manual on my wax-red lips.

"A thousand kisses buys my heart from me;
And pay them at thy leisure, one by one.
What is ten hundred touches unto thee?
Are they not quickly told and quickly gone?
Say, for non-payment that the debt should double,
Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble?"

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"Fair queen," quoth he, "if any love you owe me,
Measure my strangeness with my unripe years;
Before I know myself, seek not to know me:
No fisher but the ungrown fry forbears;
The mellow plum doth fall, the green sticks fast,
Or being early pluck'd is sour to taste.

"Look, the world's comforter with weary gait
His day's hot task hath ended in the west;
The owl, night's herald, shrieks; 'tis very late;
The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest;
And coal-black clouds that shadow heaven's light
Do summon us to part and bid good-night.

"Now let me say 'Good-night,' and so say you;
If you will say so, you shall have a kiss."
"Good-night," quoth she, and, ere he says "Adieu,"
The honey fee of parting tend'red is:
Her arms do lend his neck a sweet embrace;
Incorporate then they seem; face grows to face;

Till, breathless, he disjoin'd, and backward drew
The heavenly moisture, that sweet coral mouth,
Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well knew,
Whereon they surfeit, yet complain on drouth.
He with her plenty press'd, she faint with dearth,
Their lips together glued, fall to the earth.

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Now quick desire hath caught the yielding prey,
And glutton-like she feeds, yet never filleth;
Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,
Paying what ransom the insulter willeth;
Whose vulture thought doth pitch the price so high
That she will draw his lips' rich treasure dry.

And having felt the sweetness of the spoil,
With blindfold fury she begins to forage;
Her face doth reek and smoke, her blood doth boil,
And careless lust stirs up a desperate courage;
Planting oblivion, beating reason back,
Forgetting shame's pure blush and honour's wrack.

Hot, faint, and weary, with her hard embracing,
Like a wild bird being tam'd with too much handling,
Or as the fleet-foot roe that's tir'd with chasing,
Or like the froward infant still'd with dandling,
He now obeys, and now no more resisteth,
While she takes all she can, not all she listeth.

What wax so frozen but dissolves with temp'ring,
And yields at last to every light impression?
Things out of hope are compass'd oft with vent'ring,
Chiefly in love, whose leave exceeds commission:
Affection faints not like a pale-fac'd coward,
But then woos best when most his choice is froward.

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When he did frown, O, had she then gave over,
Such nectar from his lips she had not suck'd.
Foul words and frowns must not repel a lover;
What though the rose have prickles, yet 'tis pluck'd.
Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,
Yet love breaks through and picks them all at last.

For pity now she can no more detain him;
The poor fool prays her that he may depart:
She is resolv'd no longer to restrain him;
Bids him farewell, and look well to her heart,
The which, by Cupid's bow she doth protest,
He carries thence incaged in his breast.

"Sweet boy," she says, "this night I'll waste in sorrow,
For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch.
Tell me, Love's master, shall we meet to-morrow?
Say, shall we? shall we? Wilt thou make the match?"
He tells her, no; to-morrow he intends
To hunt the boar with certain of his friends.

"The boar!" quoth she; whereat a sudden pale,
Like lawn being spread upon the blushing rose,
Usurps her cheek; she trembles at his tale,
And on his neck her yoking arms she throws:
She sinketh down, still hanging by his neck,
He on her belly falls, she on her back.

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Now is she in the very lists of love,
Her champion mounted for the hot encounter:
All is imaginary she doth prove,
He will not manage her, although he mount her;
That worse than Tantalus' is her annoy,
To clip Elysium and to lack her joy.

Even so poor birds, deceiv'd with painted grapes,
Do surfeit by the eye and pine the maw;
Even so she languisheth in her mishaps,
As those poor birds that helpless berries saw.
The warm effects which she in him finds missing
She seeks to kindle with continual kissing.

But all in vain; good queen, it will not be.
She hath assay'd as much as may be prov'd;
Her pleading hath deserv'd a greater fee;
She's Love, she loves, and yet she is not lov'd.
"Fie, fie," he says, "you crush me; let me go;
You have no reason to withhold me so."

"Thou hadst been gone," quoth she, "sweet boy, ere this,
But that thou told'st me thou wouldst hunt the boar.
O, be advis'd! thou know'st not what it is
With javelin's point a churlish swine to gore,
Whose tushes never sheath'd he whetteth still,
Like to a mortal butcher bent to kill.

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"On his bow-back he hath a battle set
Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his foes;
His eyes, like glow-worms, shine when he doth fret;
His snout digs sepulchres where'er he goes;
Being mov'd, he strikes whate'er is in his way,
And whom he strikes his crooked tushes slay.

"His brawny sides, with hairy bristles armed,
Are better proof than thy spear's point can enter;
His short thick neck cannot be easily harmed;
Being ireful, on the lion he will venture.
The thorny brambles and embracing bushes,
As fearful of him, part, through whom he rushes.

"Alas, he nought esteems that face of thine,
To which Love's eyes pays tributary gazes;
Nor thy soft hands, sweet lips, and crystal eyne,
Whose full perfection all the world amazes;
But having thee at vantage, — wondrous dread! —
Would root these beauties as he roots the mead.

"O, let him keep his loathsome cabin still;
Beauty hath nought to do with such foul fiends.
Come not within his danger by thy will;
They that thrive well take counsel of their friends.
When thou didst name the boar, not to dissemble,
I fear'd thy fortune, and my joints did tremble.

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"Didst thou not mark my face? Was it not white?
Saw'st thou not signs of fear lurk in mine eye?
Grew I not faint? and fell I not downright?
Within my bosom, whereon thou dost lie,
My boding heart pants, beats, and takes no rest,
But, like an earthquake, shakes thee on my breast.

"For where Love reigns, disturbing Jealousy
Doth call himself Affection's sentinel;
Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,
And in a peaceful hour doth cry, 'Kill, kill!'
Distemp'ring gentle Love in his desire,
As air and water do abate the fire.

"This sour informer, this bate-breeding spy,
This canker that eats up Love's tender spring,
This carry-tale, dissentious Jealousy,
That sometime true news, sometime false doth bring,
Knocks at my heart and whispers in mine ear
That if I love thee, I thy death should fear:

"And more than so, presenteth to mine eye
The picture of an angry chafing boar,
Under whose sharp fangs on his back doth lie
An image like thyself, all stain'd with gore;
Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being shed
Doth make them droop with grief and hang the head.

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"What should I do, seeing thee so indeed,
That tremble at the imagination?
The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed,
And fear doth teach it divination:
I prophesy thy death, my living sorrow,
If thou encounter with the boar to-morrow.

"But if thou needs wilt hunt, be rul'd by me;
Uncouple at the timorous flying hare,
Or at the fox which lives by subtlety,
Or at the roe which no encounter dare:
Pursue these fearful creatures o'er the downs,
And on thy well-breath'd horse keep with thy hounds.

"And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,
Mark the poor wretch, to overshoot his troubles
How he outruns the wind, and with what care
He cranks and crosses with a thousand doubles.
The many musets through the which he goes
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

"Sometime he runs among a flock of sheep,
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell,
And sometime where earth-delving conies keep,
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell,
And sometime sorteth with a herd of deer; —
Danger deviseth shifts; wit waits on fear; —

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"For there his smell with others being mingled,
The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,
Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out;
Then do they spend their mouths: Echo replies,
As if another chase were in the skies.

"By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,
Stands on his hinder legs with list'ning ear,
To hearken if his foes pursue him still.
Anon their loud alarums he doth hear;
And now his grief may be compared well
To one sore sick that hears the passing-bell.

"Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch
Turn, and return, indenting with the way;
Each envious brier his weary legs doth scratch,
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay:
For misery is trodden on by many,
And, being low, never reliev'd by any.

"Lie quietly, and hear a little more;
Nay, do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise.
To make thee hate the hunting of the boar,
Unlike myself thou hear'st me moralize,
Applying this to that, and so to so;
For love can comment upon every woe.

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"Where did I leave?" "No matter where," quoth
he;
"Leave me, and then the story aptly ends;
The night is spent." "Why, what of that?" quoth she.
"I am," quoth he, "expected of my friends;
And now 'tis dark, and going I shall fall."
"In night," quoth she, "desire sees best of all.

"But if thou fall, O, then imagine this,
The earth, in love with thee, thy footing trips,
And all is but to rob thee of a kiss.
Rich preys make true men thieves; so do thy lips
Make modest Dian cloudy and forlorn,
Lest she should steal a kiss and die forsworn.

"Now of this dark night I perceive the reason:
Cynthia for shame obscures her silver shine,
Till forging Nature be condemn'd of treason
For stealing moulds from heaven that were divine;
Wherein she fram'd thee in high heaven's despite,
To shame the sun by day and her by night.

"And therefore hath she brib'd the Destinies
To cross the curious workmanship of Nature,
To mingle beauty with imfirmities,
And pure perfection with impure defeature,
Making it subject to the tyranny
Of mad mischances and much misery;

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"As burning fevers, agues pale and faint,
Life-poisoning pestilence and frenzies wood,
The marrow-eating sickness, whose attaint
Disorder breeds by heating of the blood;
Surfeits, imposthumes, grief, and damn'd despair,
Swear Nature's death for framing thee so fair.

"And not the least of all these maladies
But in one minute's fight brings beauty under;
Both favour, savour, hue, and qualities,
Whereat the impartial gazer late did wonder,
Are on the sudden wasted, thaw'd and done,
As mountain-snow melts with the midday sun.

"Therefore, despite of fruitless chastity,
Love-lacking vestals and self-loving nuns,
That on the earth would breed a scarcity
And barren dearth of daughters and of sons,
Be prodigal: the lamp that burns by night
Dries up his oil to lend the world his light.

"What is thy body but a swallowing grave,
Seeming to bury that posterity
Which by the rights of time thou needs must have,
If thou destroy them not in dark obscurity?
If so, the world will hold thee in disdain,
Sith in thy pride so fair a hope is slain.

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"So in thyself thyself art made away;
A mischief worse than civil home-bred strife,
Or theirs whose desperate hands themselves do slay,
Or butcher-sire that reaves his son of life.
Foul-cank'ring rust the hidden treasure frets,
But gold that's put to use more gold begets."

"Nay, then," quoth Adon, "you will fall again
Into your idle over-handled theme.
The kiss I gave you is bestow'd in vain,
And all in vain you strive against the stream;
For, by this black-fac'd Night, Desire's foul nurse,
Your treatise makes me like you worse and worse.

"If love have lent you twenty thousand tongues,
And every tongue more moving than your own,
Bewitching like the wanton mermaid's songs,
Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown;
For know, my heart stands armed in mine ear,
And will not let a false sound enter there,

"Lest the deceiving harmony should run
Into the quiet closure of my breast;
And then my little heart were quite undone,
In his bedchamber to be barr'd of rest.
No, lady, no; my heart longs not to groan,
But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

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"What have you urg'd that I cannot reprove?
The path is smooth that leadeth on to danger.
I hate not love, but your device in love,
That lends embracements unto every stranger.
You do it for increase: O strange excuse,
When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse!

"Call it not love, for Love to heaven is fled,
Since sweating Lust on earth usurp'd his name;
Under whose simple semblance he hath fed
Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame;
Which the hot tyrant stains and soon bereaves,
As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

"Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,
But Lust's effect is tempest after sun;
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,
Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done;
Love surfeits not, Lust like a glutton dies;
Love is all truth, Lust full of forged lies.

"More I could tell, but more I dare not say;
The text is old, the orator too green.
Therefore, in sadness, now I will away;
My face is full of shame, my heart of teen;
Mine ears, that to your wanton talk attended,
Do burn themselves for having so offended."

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With this, he breaketh from the sweet embrace,
Of those fair arms which bound him to her breast,
And homeward through the dark laund runs apace;
Leaves Love upon her back deeply distress'd.
Look, how a bright star shooteth from the sky,
So glides he in the night from Venus' eye;

Which after him she darts, as one on shore
Gazing upon a late-embarked friend,
Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,
Whose ridges with the meeting clouds contend;
So did the merciless and pitchy night
Fold in the object that did feed her sight.

Whereat amaz'd, as one that unaware
Hath dropp'd a precious jewel in the flood,
Or stonish'd as night-wanderers often are,
Their light blown out in some mistrustful wood,
Even so confounded in the dark she lay,
Having lost the fair discovery of her way.

And now she beats her heart, whereat it groans,
That all the neighbour caves, as seeming troubled,
Make verbal repetition of her moans;
Passion on passion deeply is redoubled:
"Ay me!" she cries, and twenty times, "Woe, woe!"
And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.

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She marking them begins a wailing note
And sings extemporally a woeful ditty;
How love makes young men thrall and old men dote;
How love is wise in folly, foolish-witty.
  Her heavy anthem still concludes in woe,
  And still the choir of echoes answer so.

Her song was tedious and outwore the night,
For lovers' hours are long, though seeming short;
If pleas'd themselves, others, they think, delight
In such-like circumstance, with such-like sport:
  Their copious stories oftentimes begun
  End without audience and are never done.

For who hath she to spend the night withal
But idle sounds resembling parasites,
Like shrill-tongu'd tapsters answering every call,
Soothing the humour of fantastic wits?
  She says, "'Tis so:" they answer all, "'Tis so;"
  And would say after her, if she said "No."

Lo, here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty;
  Who doth the world so glorious behold
  That cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.

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Venus salutes him with this fair good-morrow:
"O thou clear god, and patron of all light,
From whom each lamp and shining star doth borrow
The beauteous influence that makes him bright,
There lives a son that suck'd an earthly mother,
May lend thee light, as thou dost lend to other."

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove,
Musing the morning is so much o'erworn,
And yet she hears no tidings of her love.
She hearkens for his hounds and for his horn;
Anon she hears them chant it lustily,
And all in haste she coasteth to the cry.

And as she runs, the bushes in the way
Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face,
Some twine about her thigh to make her stay.
She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,
Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do ache,
Hasting to feed her fawn hid in some brake.

By this, she hears the hounds are at a bay;
Whereat she starts, like one that spies an adder
Wreath'd up in fatal folds just in his way,
The fear whereof doth make him shake and shudder;
Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds
Appalls her senses and her spirit confounds.

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For now she knows it is no gentle chase,
But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud,
Because the cry remaineth in one place,
Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud.
Finding their enemy to be so curst,
They all strain courtesy who shall cope him first.

This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,
Through which it enters to surprise her heart;
Who, overcome by doubt and bloodless fear,
With cold-pale weakness numbs each feeling part.
Like soldiers, when their captain once doth yield,
They basely fly and dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling ecstasy;
Till, cheering up her senses all dismay'd,
She tells them 'tis a causeless fantasy
And childish error that they are afraid;
Bids them leave quaking, bids them fear no more: —
And with that word she spied the hunted boar,

Whose frothy mouth, bepainted all with red,
Like milk and blood being mingled both together,
A second fear through all her sinews spread,
Which madly hurries her she knows not whither:
This way she runs, and now she will no further,
But back retires to rate the boar for murther.

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A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways;
She treads the path that she untreads again;
Her more than haste is mated with delays,
Like the proceedings of a drunken brain,
  Full of respects, yet nought at all respecting;
  In hand with all things, nought at all effecting.

Here kennell'd in a brake she finds a hound,
And asks the weary caitiff for his master,
And there another licking of his wound,
'Gainst venom'd sores the only sovereign plaster;
  And here she meets another sadly scowling,
  To whom she speaks, and he replies with howling.

When he hath ceas'd his ill-resounding noise,
Another flap-mouth'd mourner, black and grim,
Against the welkin volleys out his voice;
Another and another answer him,
  Clapping their proud tails to the ground below,
  Shaking their scratch'd ears, bleeding as they go.

Look, how the world's poor people are amazed
At apparitions, signs, and prodigies,
Whereon with fearful eyes they long have gazed,
Infusing them with dreadful prophecies;
  So she at these sad signs draws up her breath,
  And sighing it again, exclaims on Death.

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"Hard-favour'd tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,
Hateful divorce of love," — thus chides she Death, —
"Grim-grinning ghost, earth's worm, what dost thou mean
To stifle beauty and to steal his breath,
Who when he liv'd, his breath and beauty set
Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet?

"If he be dead, — O no, it cannot be,
Seeing his beauty, thou should'st strike at it:
O yes, it may; thou hast no eyes to see,
But hatefully at random dost thou hit.
Thy mark is feeble age, but thy false dart
Mistakes that aim and cleaves an infant's heart.

"Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,
And, hearing him, thy power had lost his power.
The Destinies will curse thee for this stroke;
They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck'st a flower.
Love's golden arrow at him should have fled,
And not Death's ebon dart, to strike him dead.

"Dost thou drink tears, that thou provok'st such weeping?
What may a heavy groan advantage thee?
Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping
Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see?
Now Nature cares not for thy mortal vigour,
Since her best work is ruin'd with thy rigour."

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Here overcome, as one full of despair,
She vail'd her eyelids, who, like sluices, stopt
The crystal tide that from her two cheeks fair
In the sweet channel of her bosom dropt;
  But through the flood-gates breaks the silver rain,
  And with his strong course opens them again.

O, how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow!
Her eye seen in the tears, tears in her eye;
Both crystals, where they view'd each other's sorrow,
Sorrow that friendly sighs sought still to dry;
  But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain,
  Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.

Variable passions throng her constant woe,
As striving who should best become her grief;
All entertain'd, each passion labours so,
That every present sorrow seemeth chief,
  But none is best: then join they all together,
  Like many clouds consulting for foul weather.

By this, far off she hears some huntsman hallo;
A nurse's song ne'er pleas'd her babe so well.
The dire imagination she did follow
This sound of hope doth labour to expel;
  For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,
  And flatters her it is Adonis' voice.

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Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,
Being prison'd in her eye like pearls in glass;
Yet sometimes falls an orient drop beside,
Which her cheek melts, as scorning it should pass
To wash the foul face of the sluttish ground,
Who is but drunken when she seemeth drown'd.

O hard-believing love, how strange it seems
Not to believe, and yet too credulous!
Thy weal and woe are both of them extremes;
Despair and hope makes thee ridiculous:
The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely,
In likely thoughts the other kills thee quickly.

Now she unweaves the web that she hath wrought;
Adonis lives, and Death is not to blame;
It was not she that call'd him all to nought:
Now she adds honours to his hateful name;
She clepes him king of graves and grave for kings,
Imperious supreme of all mortal things.

"No, no," quoth she, "sweet Death, I did but jest;
Yet pardon me I felt a kind of fear
Whenas I met the boar, that bloody beast,
Which knows no pity, but is still severe;
Then, gentle shadow, — truth I must confess, —
I rail'd on thee, fearing my love's decease.

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"'Tis not my fault; the boar provok'd my tongue;
Be wreak'd on him, invisible commander;
'Tis he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong;
I did but act, he's author of thy slander.
Grief hath two tongues, and never woman yet
Could rule them both without ten women's wit."

Thus hoping that Adonis is alive,
Her rash suspect she doth extenuate;
And that his beauty may the better thrive,
With Death she humbly doth insinuate;
Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs, and stories
His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.

"O Jove," quoth she, "how much a fool was I
To be of such a weak and silly mind
To wail his death who lives and must not die
Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind!
For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,
And, beauty dead, black chaos come again.

"Fie, fie, fond love, thou art as full of fear
As one with treasure laden, hemm'd with thieves;
Trifles, unwitnessed with eye or ear,
Thy coward heart with false bethinking grieves."
Even at this word she hears a merry horn,
Whereat she leaps that was but late forlorn.

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As falcons to the lure, away she flies;
The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light;
And in her haste unfortunately spies
The foul boar's conquest on her fair delight;
Which seen, her eyes, as murd'red with the view,
Like stars asham'd of day, themselves withdrew;

Or, as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,
Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,
And there, all smoth'red up, in shade doth sit,
Long after fearing to creep forth again;
So, at his bloody view, her eyes are fled
Into the deep-dark cabins of her head;

Where they resign their office and their light
To the disposing of her troubled brain;
Who bids them still consort with ugly night,
And never wound the heart with looks again;
Who, like a king perplexed in his throne,
By their suggestion gives a deadly groan,

Whereat each tributary subject quakes;
As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground,
Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes,
Which with cold terror doth men's minds confound.
This mutiny each part doth so surprise
That from their dark beds once more leap her eyes;

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And, being open'd, threw unwilling light
Upon the wide wound that the boar had trench'd
In his soft flank; whose wonted lily white
With purple tears, that his wound wept, was drench'd.
No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf, or weed,
But stole his blood and seem'd with him to bleed.

This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth;
Over one shoulder doth she hang her head;
Dumbly she passions, franticly she doteth;
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead.
Her voice is stopt, her joints forget to bow;
Her eyes are mad that they have wept till now.

Upon his hurt she looks so steadfastly,
That her sight dazzling makes the wound seem three;
And then she reprehends her mangling eye,
That makes more gashes where no breach should be.
His face seems twain, each several limb is doubled;
For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled.

"My tongue cannot express my grief for one,
And yet," quoth she, "behold two Adons dead!
My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone,
Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead:
Heavy heart's lead, melt at mine eyes' red fire!
So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

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"Alas, poor world, what treasure hast thou lost!
What face remains alive that's worth the viewing?
Whose tongue is music now? What canst thou boast
Of things long since, or anything ensuing?
The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and trim;
But true sweet beauty liv'd and died with him.

"Bonnet nor veil henceforth no creature wear!
Nor sun nor wind will ever strive to kiss you:
Having no fair to lose, you need not fear;
The sun doth scorn you and the wind doth hiss you:
But when Adonis liv'd, sun and sharp air
Lurk'd like two thieves, to rob him of his fair.

"And therefore would he put his bonnet on,
Under whose brim the gaudy sun would peep;
The wind would blow it off and, being gone,
Play with his locks: then would Adonis weep;
And straight, in pity of his tender years,
They both would strive who first should dry his tears.

"To see his face the lion walk'd along
Behind some hedge, because he would not fear him;
To recreate himself when he hath sung,
The tiger would be tame and gently hear him;
If he had spoke, the wolf would leave his prey
And never fright the silly lamb that day.

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"When he beheld his shadow in the brook,
The fishes spread on it their golden gills;
When he was by, the birds such pleasure took,
That some would sing, some other in their bills
Would bring him mulberries and ripe-red cherries;
He fed them with his sight, they him with berries.

"But this foul, grim, and urchin-snouted boar,
Whose downward eye still looketh for a grave,
Ne'er saw the beauteous livery that he wore;
Witness the entertainment that he gave.
If he did see his face, why then I know
He thought to kiss him, and hath kill'd him so.

"'Tis true, 'tis true; thus was Adonis slain;
He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,
Who did not whet his teeth at him again,
But by a kiss thought to persuade him there;
And nuzzling in his flank, the loving swine
Sheath'd unaware the tusk in his soft groin.

"Had I been tooth'd like him, I must confess,
With kissing him I should have kill'd him first;
But he is dead, and never did he bless
My youth with his; the more am I accurst."
With this, she falleth in the place she stood,
And stains her face with his congealed blood.

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She looks upon his lips, and they are pale;
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold;
She whispers in his ears a heavy tale,
As if they heard the woeful words she told;
She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,
Where, lo, two lamps, burnt out, in darkness lies;

Two glasses, where herself herself beheld
A thousand times, and now no more reflect;
Their virtue lost, wherein they late excell'd,
And every beauty robb'd of his effect.
"Wonder of time," quoth she, "this is my spite,
That, thou being dead, the day should yet be light.

"Since thou art dead, lo, here I prophesy:
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend;
It shall be waited on with jealousy,
Find sweet beginning, but unsavoury end,
Ne'er settled equally, but high or low,
That all love's pleasure shall not match his woe.

"It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud,
Bud and be blasted in a breathing-while;
The bottom poison, and the top o'erstraw'd
With sweets that shall the truest sight beguile.
The strongest body shall it make most weak,
Strike the wise dumb and teach the fool to speak.

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"It shall be sparing and too full of riot,
Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures;
The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet,
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treasures;
It shall be raging-mad and silly-mild,
Make the young old, the old become a child.

"It shall suspect where is no cause of fear;
It shall not fear where it should most mistrust;
It shall be merciful and too severe,
And most deceiving when it seems most just;
Perverse it shall be where it shows most toward,
Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

"It shall be cause of war and dire events,
And set dissension 'twixt the son and sire;
Subject and servile to all discontents,
As dry combustious matter is to fire.
Sith in his prime Death doth my love destroy,
They that love best their loves shall not enjoy."

By this, the boy that by her side lay kill'd
Was melted like a vapour from her sight,
And in his blood that on the ground lay spill'd,
A purple flower sprung up, check'red with white,
Resembling well his pale cheeks and the blood
Which in round drops upon their whiteness stood.

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She bows her head, the new-sprung flower to smell,
Comparing it to her Adonis' breath,
And says, within her bosom it shall dwell,
Since he himself is reft from her by death.
She crops the stalk, and in the breach appears
Green-dropping sap, which she compares to tears.

"Poor flower," quoth she, "this was thy father's guise—
Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling sire—
For every little grief to wet his eyes:
To grow unto himself was his desire,
And so 'tis thine; but know, it is as good
To wither in my breast as in his blood.

"Here was thy father's bed, here in my breast;
Thou art the next of blood, and 'tis thy right.
Lo, in this hollow cradle take thy rest,
My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and night;
There shall not be one minute in an hour
Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love's flower."

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,
And yokes her silver doves; by whose swift aid
Their mistress mounted through the empty skies
In her light chariot quickly is convey'd;
Holding their course to Paphos, where their queen
Means to immure herself and not be seen.

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The Rape of Lucrece

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The Rape of Lucrece

From the besieged Ardea all in post,
Borne by the trustless wings of false desire,
Lust-breathed Tarquin leaves the Roman host,
And to Collatia bears the lightless fire
Which, in pale embers hid, lurks to aspire
  And girdle with embracing flames the waist
  Of Collatine's fair love, Lucrece the chaste.

Haply that name of "chaste" unhappily set
This bateless edge on his keen appetite;
When Collatine unwisely did not let
To praise the clear unmatched red and white
Which triumph'd in that sky of his delight,
  Where mortal stars, as bright as heaven's beauties,
  With pure aspects did him peculiar duties.

For he the night before, in Tarquin's tent,
Unlock'd the treasure of his happy state;
What priceless wealth the heavens had him lent
In the possession of his beauteous mate;

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Reck'ning his fortune at such high proud rate,
That kings might be espoused to more fame,
But king nor peer to such a peerless dame.

O happiness enjoy'd but of a few!
And, if possess'd, as soon decay'd and done
As is the morning's silver melting dew
Against the golden splendour of the sun!
An expir'd date, cancell'd ere well begun:
Honour and beauty, in the owner's arms,
Are weakly fortress'd from a world of harms.

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade
The eyes of men without an orator;
What needeth then apology be made,
To set forth that which is so singular?
Or why is Collatine the publisher
Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown
From thievish ears, because it is his own?

Perchance his boast of Lucrece' sovereignty
Suggested this proud issue of a king,
For by our ears our hearts oft tainted be;
Perchance that envy of so rich a thing,
Braving compare, disdainfully did sting
His high-pitch'd thoughts, that meaner men should vaunt
That golden hap which their superiors want.

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But some untimely thought did instigate
His all too timeless speed, if none of those.
His honour, his affairs, his friends, his state,
Neglected all, with swift intent he goes
To quench the coal which in his liver glows.
O rash false heat, wrapp'd in repentant cold,
Thy hasty spring still blasts, and ne'er grows old!

When at Collatia this false lord arrived,
Well was he welcom'd by the Roman dame,
Within whose face beauty and virtue strived
Which of them both should underprop her fame.
When virtue bragg'd, beauty would blush for shame;
When beauty boasted blushes, in despite
Virtue would stain that o'er with silver white.

But beauty, in that white intituled
From Venus' doves, doth challenge that fair field;
Then virtue claims from beauty beauty's red,
Which virtue gave the golden age to gild
Their silver cheeks, and call'd it then their shield;
Teaching them thus to use it in the fight,
When shame assail'd, the red should fence the white.

This heraldry in Lucrece' face was seen,
Argu'd by beauty's red and virtue's white;
Of either's colour was the other queen,
Proving from world's minority their right:

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Yet their ambition makes them still to fight,
The sovereignty of either being so great
That oft they interchange each other's seat.

Their silent war of lilies and of roses,
Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field,
In their pure ranks his traitor eye encloses;
Where, lest between them both it should be kill'd,
The coward captive vanquished doth yield
To those two armies that would let him go,
Rather than triumph in so false a foe.

Now thinks he that her husband's shallow tongue, —
The niggard prodigal that prais'd her so, —
In that high task hath done her beauty wrong,
Which far exceeds his barren skill to show;
Therefore that praise which Collatine doth owe
Enchanted Tarquin answers with surmise,
In silent wonder of still-gazing eyes.

This earthly saint, adored by this devil,
Little suspecteth the false worshipper;
For unstain'd thoughts do seldom dream on evil;
Birds never lim'd no secret bushes fear:
So guiltless she securely gives good cheer
And reverend welcome to her princely guest,
Whose inward ill no outward harm express'd:

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For that he colour'd with his high estate,
Hiding base sin in plaits of majesty;
That nothing in him seem'd inordinate,
Save sometime too much wonder of his eye,
Which, having all, all could not satisfy;
But, poorly rich, so wanteth in his store,
That, cloy'd with much, he pineth still for more.

But she, that never cop'd with stranger eyes,
Could pick no meaning from their parling looks,
Nor read the subtle shining secrecies
Writ in the glassy margents of such books.
She touch'd no unknown baits, nor fear'd no hooks;
Nor could she moralize his wanton sight,
More than his eyes were open'd to the light.

He stories to her ears her husband's fame,
Won in the fields of fruitful Italy;
And decks with praises Collatine's high name,
Made glorious by his manly chivalry
With bruised arms and wreaths of victory.
Her joy with heav'd-up hand she doth express,
And, wordless, so greets Heaven for his success.

Far from the purpose of his coming thither,
He makes excuses for his being there.
No cloudy show of stormy blust'ring weather
Doth yet in his fair welkin once appear;

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Till sable Night, mother of Dread and Fear,
  Upon the world dim darkness doth display,
  And in her vaulty prison stows the Day.

For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed,
Intending weariness with heavy spright;
For, after supper, long he questioned
With modest Lucrece, and wore out the night.
Now leaden slumber with life's strength doth fight;
  And every one to rest themselves betake,
  Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds, that wake.

As one of which doth Tarquin lie revolving
The sundry dangers of his will's obtaining;
Yet ever to obtain his will resolving,
Though weak-built hopes persuade him to abstaining.
Despair to gain doth traffic oft for gaining;
  And when great treasure is the meed proposed,
  Though death be adjunct, there's no death supposed.

Those that much covet are with gain so fond
That what they have not, that which they possess,
They scatter and unloose it from their bond,
And so, by hoping more, they have but less;
Or, gaining more, the profit of excess
  Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain,
  That they prove bankrupt in this poor-rich gain.

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The aim of all is but to nurse the life
With honour, wealth, and ease, in waning age;
And in this aim there is such thwarting strife
That one for all, or all for one, we gage,
As life for honour in fell battle's rage,
Honour for wealth; and oft that wealth doth cost
The death of all, and all together lost.

So that in vent'ring ill we leave to be
The things we are for that which we expect;
And this ambitious foul infirmity,
In having much, torments us with defect
Of that we have: so then we do neglect
The thing we have; and, all for want of wit,
Make something nothing by augmenting it.

Such hazard now must doting Tarquin make,
Pawning his honour to obtain his lust;
And for himself himself he must forsake:
Then where is truth, if there be no self-trust?
When shall he think to find a stranger just,
When he himself himself confounds, betrays
To slanderous tongues and wretched hateful days?

Now stole upon the time the dead of night,
When heavy sleep had clos'd up mortal eyes.
No comfortable star did lend his light,
No noise but owls' and wolves' death-boding cries;

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Now serves the season that they may surprise
The silly lambs. Pure thoughts are dead and still,
While lust and murder wakes to stain and kill.

And now this lustful lord leap'd from his bed,
Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm;
Is madly toss'd between desire and dread;
The one sweetly flatters, the other feareth harm;
But honest fear, bewitch'd with lust's foul charm,
Doth too too oft betake him to retire,
Beaten away by brain-sick rude desire.

His falchion on a flint he softly smiteth,
That from the cold stone sparks of fire do fly;
Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,
Which must be lode-star to his lustful eye;
And to the flame thus speaks advisedly:
"As from this cold flint I enforc'd this fire,
So Lucrece must I force to my desire."

Here pale with fear he doth premeditate
The dangers of his loathsome enterprise,
And in his inward mind he doth debate
What following sorrow may on this arise.
Then looking scornfully, he doth despise
His naked armour of still slaughtered lust,
And justly thus controls his thoughts unjust:

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"Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it not
To darken her whose light excelleth thine;
And die, unhallow'd thoughts, before you blot
With your uncleanness that which is divine;
Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine:
Let fair humanity abhor the deed
That spots and stains love's modest snow-white weed.

"O shame to knighthood and to shining arms!
O foul dishonour to my household's grave!
O impious act, including all foul harms!
A martial man to be soft fancy's slave!
True valour still a true respect should have;
Then my digression is so vile, so base,
That it will live engraven in my face.

"Yea, though I die, the scandal will survive,
And be an eye-sore in my golden coat;
Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive,
To cipher me how fondly I did dote;
That my posterity, sham'd with the note,
Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sin,
To wish that I their father had not been.

"What win I, if I gain the thing I seek?
A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy.
Who buys a minute's mirth to wail a week,
Or sells eternity to get a toy?

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For one sweet grape who will the vine destroy?
Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown,
Would with the sceptre straight be strucken down?

"If Collatinus dream of my intent,
Will he not wake, and in a desperate rage
Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent?
This siege that hath engirt his marriage,
This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage,
This dying virtue, this surviving shame,
Whose crime will bear an ever-during blame?

"O, what excuse can my invention make,
When thou shalt charge me with so black a deed?
Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints shake,
Mine eyes forgo their light, my false heart bleed?
The guilt being great, the fear doth still exceed;
And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly,
But coward-like with trembling terror die.

"Had Collatinus kill'd my son or sire,
Or lain in ambush to betray my life,
Or were he not my dear friend, this desire
Might have excuse to work upon his wife,
As in revenge or quittal of such strife;
But as he is my kinsman, my dear friend,
The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end.

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"Shameful it is; ay, if the fact be known:
Hateful it is; there is no hate in loving:
I'll beg her love; but she is not her own:
The worst is but denial and reproving.
My will is strong, past reason's weak removing.
Who fears a sentence or an old man's saw
Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe."

Thus, graceless, holds he disputation
'Tween frozen conscience and hot burning will,
And with good thoughts makes dispensation,
Urging the worser sense for vantage still;
Which in a moment doth confound and kill
All pure effects, and doth so far proceed,
That what is vile shows like a virtuous deed.

Quoth he, "She took me kindly by the hand,
And gaz'd for tidings in my eager eyes,
Fearing some hard news from the warlike band,
Where her beloved Collatinus lies.
O, how her fear did make her colour rise!
First red as roses that on lawn we lay,
Then white as lawn, the roses took away.

"And how her hand, in my hand being lock'd,
Forc'd it to tremble with her loyal fear!
Which struck her sad, and then it faster rock'd,
Until her husband's welfare she did hear;

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Whereat she smiled with so sweet a cheer,
That had Narcissus seen her as she stood,
Self-love had never drown'd him in the flood.

"Why hunt I then for colour or excuses?
All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth;
Poor wretches have remorse in poor abuses;
Love thrives not in the heart that shadows dreadeth;
Affection is my captain, and he leadeth;
And when his gaudy banner is display'd,
The coward fights, and will not be dismay'd.

"Then, childish fear, avaunt! debating, die!
Respect and reason, wait on wrinkled age!
My heart shall never countermand mine eye.
Sad pause and deep regard beseem the sage;
My part is youth, and beats these from the stage.
Desire my pilot is, beauty my prize;
Then who fears sinking where such treasure lies?"

As corn o'ergrown by weeds, so heedful fear
Is almost chok'd by unresisted lust.
Away he steals with open list'ning ear,
Full of foul hope and full of fond mistrust;
Both which, as servitors to the unjust,
So cross him with their opposite persuasion,
That now he vows a league, and now invasion.

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Within his thought her heavenly image sits,
And in the self-same seat sits Collatine.
That eye which looks on her confounds his wits;
That eye which him beholds, as more divine,
Unto a view so false will not incline;
  But with a pure appeal seeks to the heart,
  Which once corrupted takes the worser part;

And therein heartens up his servile powers,
Who, flatt'red by their leader's jocund show,
Stuff up his lust, as minutes fill up hours;
And as their captain, so their pride doth grow,
Paying more slavish tribute than they owe.
  By reprobate desire thus madly led,
  The Roman lord marcheth to Lucrece' bed.

The locks between her chamber and his will,
Each one by him enforc'd, retires his ward;
But, as they open, they all rate his ill,
Which drives the creeping thief to some regard.
The threshold grates the door to have him heard:
  Night-wand'ring weasels shriek to see him there;
  They fright him, yet he still pursues his fear.

As each unwilling portal yields him way,
Through little vents and crannies of the place
The wind wars with his torch to make him stay,
And blows the smoke of it into his face,

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Extinguishing his conduct in this case;
But his hot heart, which fond desire doth scorch,
Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch.

And being lighted, by the light he spies
Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle sticks.
He takes it from the rushes where it lies,
And griping it, the needle his finger pricks;
As who should say, "This glove to wanton tricks
Is not inur'd; return again in haste;
Thou see'st our mistress' ornaments are chaste."

But all these poor forbiddings could not stay him;
He in the worst sense construes their denial:
The doors, the wind, the glove that did delay him,
He takes for accidental things of trial;
Or as those bars which stop the hourly dial,
Who with a ling'ring stay his course doth let,
Till every minute pays the hour his debt.

"So, so," quoth he, "these lets attend the time,
Like little frosts that sometime threat the spring,
To add a more rejoicing to the prime,
And give the sneaped birds more cause to sing.
Pain pays the income of each precious thing;
Huge rocks, high winds, strong pirates, shelves and sands,
The merchant fears, ere rich at home he lands."

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Now is he come unto the chamber-door,
That shuts him from the heaven of his thought,
Which with a yielding latch, and with no more,
Hath barr'd him from the blessed thing he sought.
So from himself impiety hath wrought,
That for his prey to pray he doth begin,
As if the heavens should countenance his sin.

But in the midst of his unfruitful prayer,
Having solicited the eternal power
That his foul thoughts might compass his fair fair,
And they would stand auspicious to the hour,
Even there he starts: quoth he, "I must deflower:
The powers to whom I pray abhor this fact,
How can they then assist me in the act?

"Then Love and Fortune be my gods, my guide!
My will is back'd with resolution.
Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be tried:
The blackest sin is clear'd with absolution;
Against love's fire fear's frost hath dissolution.
The eye of heaven is out, and misty night
Covers the shame that follows sweet delight."

This said, his guilty hand pluck'd up the latch,
And with his knee the door he opens wide.
The dove sleeps fast that this night-owl will catch;
Thus treason works ere traitors be espi'd.

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Who sees the lurking serpent steps aside;
But she, sound sleeping, fearing no such thing,
Lies at the mercy of his mortal sting.

Into the chamber wickedly he stalks,
And gazeth on her yet unstained bed.
The curtains being close, about he walks,
Rolling his greedy eyeballs in his head.
By their high treason is his heart misled;
Which gives the watch-word to his hand full soon
To draw the cloud that hides the silver moon.

Look, as the fair and fiery-pointed sun,
Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaves our sight;
Even so, the curtain drawn, his eyes begun
To wink, being blinded with a greater light:
Whether it is that she reflects so bright,
That dazzleth them, or else some shame supposed;
But blind they are, and keep themselves enclosed.

O, had they in that darksome prison died!
Then had they seen the period of their ill;
Then Collatine again, by Lucrece' side,
In his clear bed might have reposed still:
But they must ope, this blessed league to kill;
And holy-thoughted Lucrece to their sight
Must sell her joy, her life, her world's delight.

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Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under,
Coz'ning the pillow of a lawful kiss;
Who, therefore angry, seems to part in sunder,
Swelling on either side to want his bliss;
Between whose hills her head entombed is:
Where, like a virtuous monument, she lies,
To be admir'd of lewd unhallow'd eyes.

Without the bed her other fair hand was,
On the green coverlet; whose perfect white
Show'd like an April daisy on the grass,
With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night.
Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheath'd their light,
And canopi'd in darkness sweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorn the day.

Her hair, like golden threads, play'd with her breath;
O modest wantons! wanton modesty!
Showing life's triumph in the map of death,
And death's dim look in life's mortality.
Each in her sleep themselves so beautify,
As if between them twain there were no strife,
But that life liv'd in death, and death in life.

Her breasts, like ivory globes circled with blue,
A pair of maiden worlds unconquered,
Save of their lord no bearing yoke they knew,
And him by oath they truly honoured:

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These worlds in Tarquin new ambition bred;
Who, like a foul usurper, went about
From this fair throne to heave the owner out.

What could he see but mightily he noted?
What did he note but strongly he desired?
What he beheld, on that he firmly doted,
And in his will his wilful eye he tired.
With more than admiration he admired
Her azure veins, her alabaster skin,
Her coral lips, her snow-white dimpled chin.

As the grim lion fawneth o'er his prey,
Sharp hunger by the conquest satisfied,
So o'er this sleeping soul doth Tarquin stay,
His rage of lust by gazing qualified;
Slack'd, not suppress'd: for standing by her side,
His eye, which late this mutiny restrains,
Unto a greater uproar tempts his veins.

And they, like straggling slaves for pillage fighting,
Obdurate vassals fell exploits effecting,
In bloody death and ravishment delighting,
Nor children's tears nor mothers' groans respecting,
Swell in their pride, the onset still expecting.
Anon his beating heart, alarum striking,
Gives the hot charge and bids them do their liking.

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His drumming heart cheers up his burning eye,
His eye commends the leading to his hand;
His hand, as proud of such a dignity,
Smoking with pride, march'd on to make his stand
On her bare breast, the heart of all her land;
Whose ranks of blue veins, as his hand did scale,
Left their round turrets destitute and pale.

They, must'ring to the quiet cabinet
Where their dear governess and lady lies,
Do tell her she is dreadfully beset,
And fright her with confusion of their cries.
She, much amaz'd, breaks ope her lock'd-up eyes,
Who, peeping forth this tumult to behold,
Are by his flaming torch dimm'd and controll'd.

Imagine her as one in dead of night
From forth dull sleep by dreadful fancy waking,
That thinks she hath beheld some ghastly sprite,
Whose grim aspect sets every joint a-shaking;
What terror 'tis! but she in worser taking,
From sleep disturbed, heedfully doth view
The sight which makes supposed terror true.

Wrapp'd and confounded in a thousand fears,
Like to a new-kill'd bird she trembling lies;
She dares not look; yet, winking, there appears
Quick-shifting antics, ugly in her eyes.

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Such shadows are the weak brain's forgeries;
Who, angry that the eyes fly from their lights,
In darkness daunts them with more dreadful sights.

His hand, that yet remains upon her breast, —
Rude ram, to batter such an ivory wall! —
May feel her heart — poor citizen! — distress'd,
Wounding itself to death, rise up and fall,
Beating her bulk, that his hand shakes withal.
This moves in him more rage and lesser pity
To make the breach and enter this sweet city.

First, like a trumpet, doth his tongue begin
To sound a parley to his heartless foe;
Who o'er the white sheet peers her whiter chin,
The reason of this rash alarm to know,
Which he by dumb demeanour seeks to show;
But she with vehement prayers urgeth still
Under what colour he commits this ill.

Thus he replies: "The colour in thy face,
That even for anger makes the lily pale,
And the red rose blush at her own disgrace,
Shall plead for me and tell my loving tale.
Under that colour am I come to scale
Thy never-conquered fort. The fault is thine,
For those thine eyes betray thee unto mine.

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"Thus I forestall thee, if thou mean to chide:
Thy beauty hath ensnar'd thee to this night,
Where thou with patience must my will abide;
My will that marks thee for my earth's delight,
Which I to conquer sought with all my might;
But as reproof and reason beat it dead,
By thy bright beauty was it newly bred.

"I see what crosses my attempt will bring;
I know what thorns the growing rose defends;
I think the honey guarded with a sting:
All this beforehand counsel comprehends;
But Will is deaf and hears no heedful friends·
Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,
And dotes on what he looks, 'gainst law or duty.

"I have debated, even in my soul,
What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shall breed;
But nothing can affection's course control,
Or stop the headlong fury of his speed.
I know repentant tears ensue the deed,
Reproach, disdain, and deadly enmity;
Yet strive I to embrace mine infamy."

This said, he shakes aloft his Roman blade,
Which, like a falcon tow'ring in the skies,
Coucheth the fowl below with his wings' shade,
Whose crooked beak threats, if he mount, he dies:

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So under his insulting falchion lies
Harmless Lucretia, marking what he tells
With trembling fear, as fowl hear falcon's bells.

"Lucrece," quoth he, "this night I must enjoy thee.
If thou deny, then force must work my way,
For in thy bed I purpose to destroy thee;
That done, some worthless slave of thine I'll slay,
To kill thine honour with thy life's decay;
And in thy dead arms do I mean to place him,
Swearing I slew him, seeing thee embrace him.

"So thy surviving husband shall remain
The scornful mark of every open eye;
Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain,
Thy issue blurr'd with nameless bastardy;
And thou, the author of their obloquy,
Shalt have thy trespass cited up in rhymes,
And sung by children in succeeding times.

"But if thou yield, I rest thy secret friend:
The fault unknown is as a thought unacted;
A little harm done to a great good end
For lawful policy remains enacted.
The poisonous simple sometime is compacted
In a pure compound; being so applied,
His venom in effect is purified..

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"Then, for thy husband and thy children's sake,
Tender my suit; bequeath not to their lot
The shame that from them no device can take,
The blemish that will never be forgot,
Worse than a slavish wipe or birth-hour's blot;
For marks descri'd in men's nativity
Are nature's faults, not their own infamy."

Here with a cockatrice' dead-killing eye
He rouseth up himself and makes a pause;
While she, the picture of pure piety,
Like a white hind under the gripe's sharp claws,
Pleads, in a wilderness where are no laws,
To the rough beast that knows no gentle right,
Nor aught obeys but his foul appetite.

But when a black-fac'd cloud the world doth threat,
In his dim mist the aspiring mountains hiding,
From earth's dark womb some gentle gust doth get,
Which blow these pitchy vapours from their biding,
Hind'ring their present fall by this dividing;
So his unhallow'd haste her words delays,
And moody Pluto winks while Orpheus plays.

Yet, foul night-waking cat, he doth but dally,
While in his hold-fast foot the weak mouse panteth.
Her sad behaviour feeds his vulture folly,
A swallowing gulf that even in plenty wanteth.

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His ear her prayers admits, but his heart granteth
No penetrable entrance to her plaining;
Tears harden lust, though marble wear with raining.

Her pity-pleading eyes are sadly fixed
In the remorseless wrinkles of his face;
Her modest eloquence with sighs is mixed,
Which to her oratory adds more grace.
She puts the period often from his place;
And midst the sentence so her accent breaks,
That twice she doth begin ere once she speaks.

She conjures him by high almighty Jove,
By knighthood, gentry, and sweet friendship's oath;
By her untimely tears, her husband's love,
By holy human law, and common troth,
By heaven and earth, and all the power of both,
That to his borrow'd bed he make retire,
And stoop to honour, not to foul desire.

Quoth she, "Reward not hospitality
With such black payment as thou hast pretended;
Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee;
Mar not the thing that cannot be amended;
End thy ill aim before thy shoot be ended;
He is no woodman that doth bend his bow
To strike a poor unseasonable doe.

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"My husband is thy friend; for his sake spare me:
Thyself art mighty; for thine own sake leave me:
Myself a weakling; do not then ensnare me:
Thou look'st not like deceit; do not deceive me.
My sighs, like whirlwinds, labour hence to heave thee.
If ever man were mov'd with woman's moans,
Be moved with my tears, my sighs, my groans:

"All which together, like a troubled ocean,
Beat at thy rocky and wreck-threat'ning heart,
To soften it with their continual motion;
For stones dissolv'd to water do convert.
O, if no harder than a stone thou art,
Melt at my tears, and be compassionate!
Soft pity enters at an iron gate.

"In Tarquin's likeness I did entertain thee:
Hast thou put on his shape to do him shame?
To all the host of heaven I complain me,
Thou wrong'st his honour, wound'st his princely name.
Thou art not what thou seem'st; and if the same,
Thou seem'st not what thou art, a god, a king;
For kings like gods should govern everything.

"How will thy shame be seeded in thine age,
When thus thy vices bud before thy spring?
If in thy hope thou dar'st do such outrage,

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What dar'st thou not when once thou art a king?
O, be rememb'red, no outrageous thing
From vassal actors can be wip'd away;
Then kings' misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.

"This deed will make thee only lov'd for fear;
But happy monarchs still are fear'd for love:
With foul offenders thou perforce must bear,
When they in thee the like offences prove.
If but for fear of this, thy will remove;
For princes are the glass, the school, the book,
Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look.

"And wilt thou be the school where Lust shall learn?
Must he in thee read lectures of such shame?
Wilt thou be glass wherein it shall discern
Authority for sin, warrant for blame,
To privilege dishonour in thy name?
Thou back'st reproach against long-living laud,
And mak'st fair reputation but a bawd.

"Hast thou command? By him that gave it thee,
From a pure heart command thy rebel will;
Draw not thy sword to guard iniquity,
For it was lent thee all that brood to kill.
Thy princely office how canst thou fulfil,
When, pattern'd by thy fault, foul sin may say,
He learn'd to sin, and thou didst teach the way!

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"Think but how vile a spectacle it were
To view thy present trespass in another.
Men's faults do seldom to themselves appear;
Their own transgressions partially they smother:
This guilt would seem death-worthy in thy brother.
O, how are they wrapt in with infamies
That from their own misdeeds askance their eyes!

"To thee, to thee, my heav'd-up hands appeal,
Not to seducing lust, thy rash relier:
I sue for exil'd majesty's repeal;
Let him return, and flatt'ring thoughts retire:
His true respect will prison false desire,
And wipe the dim mist from thy doting eyne,
That thou shalt see thy state and pity mine."

"Have done," quoth he; "my uncontrolled tide
Turns not, but swells the higher by this let.
Small lights are soon blown out, huge fires abide,
And with the wind in greater fury fret.
The petty streams that pay a daily debt
To their salt sovereign, with their fresh falls' haste
Add to his flow, but alter not his taste."

"Thou art," quoth she, "a sea, a sovereign king;
And, lo, there falls into thy boundless flood
Black lust, dishonour, shame, misgoverning,
Who seek to stain the ocean of thy blood.

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If all these petty ills shall change thy good,
Thy sea within a puddle's womb is hearsed,
And not the puddle in thy sea dispersed.

"So shall these slaves be king, and thou their slave;
Thou nobly base, they basely dignifi'd;
Thou their fair life, and they thy fouler grave;
Thou loathed in their shame, they in thy pride.
The lesser thing should not the greater hide;
The cedar stoops not to the base shrub's foot,
But low shrubs wither at the cedar's root.

"So let thy thoughts, low vassals to thy state," —
"No more," quoth he; "by heaven, I will not hear thee.
Yield to my love; if not, enforced hate,
Instead of love's coy touch, shall rudely tear thee;
That done, despitefully I mean to bear thee
Unto the base bed of some rascal groom,
To be thy partner in this shameful doom."

This said, he sets his foot upon the light,
For light and lust are deadly enemies;
Shame folded up in blind concealing night,
When most unseen, then most doth tyrannize.
The wolf hath seiz'd his prey, the poor lamb cries;
Till with her own white fleece her voice controll'd
Entombs her outcry in her lips' sweet fold.

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For with the nightly linen that she wears
He pens her piteous clamours in her head;
Cooling his hot face in the chastest tears
That ever modest eyes with sorrow shed.
O, that prone lust should stain so pure a bed!
The spots whereof could weeping purify,
Her tears should drop on them perpetually.

But she hath lost a dearer thing than life,
And he hath won what he would lose again;
This forced league doth force a further strife,
This momentary joy breeds months of pain,
This hot desire converts to cold disdain;
Pure Chastity is rifled of her store,
And Lust, the thief, far poorer than before.

Look, as the full-fed hound or gorged hawk,
Unapt for tender smell or speedy flight,
Make slow pursuit, or altogether balk
The prey wherein by nature they delight;
So surfeit-taking Tarquin fares this night:
His taste delicious, in digestion souring,
Devours his will, that liv'd by foul devouring.

O, deeper sin than bottomless conceit
Can comprehend in still imagination!
Drunken Desire must vomit his receipt,
Ere he can see his own abomination.

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While Lust is in his pride, no exclamation
  Can curb his heat or rein his rash desire,
  Till, like a jade, Self-will himself doth tire.

And then with lank and lean discolour'd cheek,
With heavy eye, knit brow, and strengthless pace,
Feeble Desire, all recreant, poor, and meek,
Like to a bankrupt beggar wails his case.
The flesh being proud, Desire doth fight with Grace,
  For there it revels; and when that decays,
  The guilty rebel for remission prays.

So fares it with this faultful lord of Rome,
Who this accomplishment so hotly chased;
For now against himself he sounds this doom,
That through the length of times he stands disgraced:
Besides, his soul's fair temple is defaced;
  To whose weak ruins muster troops of cares,
  To ask the spotted princess how she fares.

She says, her subjects with foul insurrection
Have batter'd down her consecrated wall,
And by their mortal fault brought in subjection
Her immortality, and made her thrall
To living death and pain perpetual;
  Which in her prescience she controlled still,
  But her foresight could not forestall their will.

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Even in this thought through the dark night he stealeth,
A captive victor that hath lost in gain;
Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,
The scar that will, despite of cure, remain;
Leaving his spoil perplex'd in greater pain.
She bears the load of lust he left behind,
And he the burden of a guilty mind.

He like a thievish dog creeps sadly thence;
She like a wearied lamb lies panting there;
He scowls and hates himself for his offence;
She, desperate, with her nails her flesh doth tear;
He faintly flies, sweating with guilty fear;
She stays, exclaiming on the direful night;
He runs, and chides his vanish'd, loath'd delight.

He thence departs a heavy convertite;
She there remains a hopeless castaway;
He in his speed looks for the morning light;
She prays she never may behold the day,
"For day," quoth she, "night's scapes doth open lay,
And my true eyes have never practis'd how
To cloak offences with a cunning brow.

"They think not but that every eye can see
The same disgrace which they themselves behold;
And therefore would they still in darkness be,
To have their unseen sin remain untold,

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For they their guilt with weeping will unfold,
And grave, like water that doth eat in steel,
Upon my cheeks what helpless shame I feel."

Here she exclaims against repose and rest,
And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind.
She wakes her heart by beating on her breast,
And bids it leap from thence, where it may find
Some purer chest to close so pure a mind.
Frantic with grief thus breathes she forth her spite
Against the unseen secrecy of night:

"O comfort-killing Night, image of hell!
Dim register and notary of shame!
Black stage for tragedies and murders fell!
Vast sin-concealing chaos! nurse of blame!
Blind muffled bawd! dark harbour for defame!
Grim cave of death! whisp'ring conspirator
With close-tongu'd Treason and the ravisher!

"O hateful, vaporous, and foggy Night!
Since thou art guilty of my cureless crime,
Muster thy mists to meet the eastern light,
Make war against proportion'd course of time;
Or if thou wilt permit the sun to climb
His wonted height, yet ere he go to bed,
Knit poisonous clouds about his golden head.

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"With rotten damps ravish the morning air;
Let their exhal'd unwholesome breaths make sick
The life of purity, the supreme fair,
Ere he arrive his weary noon-tide prick;
And let thy musty vapours march so thick,
That in their smoky ranks his smoth'red light
May set at noon and make perpetual night.

"Were Tarquin Night, as he is but Night's child,
The silver-shining queen he would distain;
Her twinkling handmaids too, by him defil'd,
Through Night's black bosom should not peep again;
So should I have co-partners in my pain;
And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage,
As palmers' chat makes short their pilgrimage:

"Where now I have no one to blush with me,
To cross their arms and hang their heads with mine,
To mask their brows and hide their infamy;
But I alone, alone must sit and pine,
Seasoning the earth with showers of silver brine,
Mingling my talk with tears, my grief with groans,
Poor wasting monuments of lasting moans.

"O Night, thou furnace of foul reeking smoke,
Let not the jealous Day behold that face
Which underneath thy black all-hiding cloak
Immodestly lies martyr'd with disgrace!

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Keep still possession of thy gloomy place,
That all the faults which in thy reign are made
May likwise be sepulchr'd in thy shade!

"Make me not object to the tell-tale Day!
The light will show, character'd in my brow,
The story of sweet chastity's decay,
The impious breach of holy wedlock vow;
Yea, the illiterate, that know not how
To cipher what is writ in learned books,
Will quote my loathsome trespass in my looks.

"The nurse, to still her child, will tell my story,
And fright her crying babe with Tarquin's name;
The orator, to deck his oratory,
Will couple my reproach to Tarquin's shame;
Feast-finding minstrels, tuning my defame,
Will tie the hearers to attend each line,
How Tarquin wronged me, I Collatine.

"Let my good name, that senseless reputation,
For Collatine's dear love be kept unspotted:
If that be made a theme for disputation,
The branches of another root are rotted,
And undeserv'd reproach to him allotted
That is as clear from this attaint of mine
As I, ere this, was pure to Collatine.

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"O unseen shame! invisible disgrace!
O unfelt sore! crest-wounding, private scar!
Reproach is stamp'd in Collatinus' face,
And Tarquin's eye may read the mot afar,
How he in peace is wounded, not in war.
Alas, how many bear such shameful blows,
Which not themselves, but he that gives them knows!

"If, Collatine, thine honour lay in me,
From me by strong assault it is bereft.
My honey lost, and I, a drone-like bee,
Have no perfection of my summer left,
But robb'd and ransack'd by injurious theft.
In thy weak hive a wand'ring wasp hath crept,
And suck'd the honey which thy chaste bee kept.

"Yet am I guilty of thy honour's wrack;
Yet for thy honour did I entertain him;
Coming from thee, I could not put him back.
For it had been dishonour to disdain him.
Besides, of weariness he did complain him,
And talk'd of virtue: O unlook'd-for evil,
When virtue is profan'd in such a devil!

"Why should the worm intrude the maiden bud?
Or hateful cuckoos hatch in sparrows' nests?
Or toads infect fair founts with venom mud?
Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breasts?

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Or kings be breakers of their own behests?
But no perfection is so absolute,
That some impurity doth not pollute.

"The aged man that coffers-up his gold
Is plagu'd with cramps and gouts and painful fits;
And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold,
But like still-pining Tantalus he sits
And useless barns the harvest of his wits;
Having no other pleasure of his gain
But torment that it cannot cure his pain.

"So then he hath it when he cannot use it,
And leaves it to be mast'red by his young;
Who in their pride do presently abuse it.
Their father was too weak, and they too strong,
To hold their cursed-blessed fortune long.
The sweets we wish for turn to loathed sours
Even in the moment that we call them ours.

"Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring;
Unwholesome weeds take root with precious flowers;
The adder hisses where the sweet birds sing;
What virtue breeds, iniquity devours.
We have no good that we can say is ours,
But ill-annexed Opportunity
Or kills his life or else his quality.

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"O Opportunity, thy guilt is great!
'Tis thou that execut'st the traitor's treason.
Thou sets the wolf where he the lamb may get;
Whoever plots the sin, thou point'st the season;
'Tis thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at reason;
And in thy shady cell, where none may spy him,
Sits Sin, to seize the souls that wander by him.

"Thou mak'st the vestal violate her oath;
Thou blow'st the fire when temperance is thaw'd;
Thou smother'st honesty, thou murd'rest troth;
Thou foul abettor! thou notorious bawd!
Thou plantest scandal and displacest laud.
Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false thief,
Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief!

"Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame,
Thy private feasting to a public fast,
Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name,
Thy sug'red tongue to bitter wormwood taste;
Thy violent vanities can never last.
How comes it then, vile Opportunity,
Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee?

"When wilt thou be the humble suppliant's friend
And bring him where his suit may be obtained?
When wilt thou sort an hour great strifes to end?
Or free that soul which wretchedness hath chained?

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Give physic to the sick, ease to the pained?
The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for thee;
But they ne'er meet with Opportunity.

"The patient dies while the physician sleeps;
The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds;
Justice is feasting while the widow weeps;
Advice is sporting while infection breeds.
Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds.
Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murder's rages,
Thy heinous hours wait on them as their pages.

"When Truth and Virtue have to do with thee,
A thousand crosses keep them from thy aid:
They buy thy help; but Sin ne'er gives a fee,
He gratis comes; and thou art well appaid
As well to hear as grant what he hath said.
My Collatine would else have come to me
When Tarquin did, but he was stay'd by thee.

"Guilty thou art of murder and of theft,
Guilty of perjury and subornation,
Guilty of treason, forgery, and shift,
Guilty of incest, that abomination;
An accessary by thine inclination
To all sins past, and all that are to come,
From the creation to the general doom.

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"Mis-shapen Time, copesmate of ugly Night,
Swift subtle post, carrier of grisly care,
Eater of youth, false slave to false delight,
Base watch of woes, sin's pack-horse, virtue's snare;
Thou nursest all and murd'rest all that are.
O, hear me then, injurious, shifting Time!
Be guilty of my death, since of my crime.

"Why hath thy servant, Opportunity,
Betray'd the hours thou gav'st me to repose?
Cancell'd my fortunes, and enchained me
To endless date of never-ending woes?
Time's office is to fine the hate of foes,
To eat up errors by opinion bred,
Not spend the dowry of a lawful bed.

"Time's glory is to calm contending kings,
To unmask falsehood and bring truth to light,
To stamp the seal of time in aged things,
To wake the morn and sentinel the night,
To wrong the wronger till he render right,
To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours,
And smear with dust their glitt'ring golden towers;

"To fill with worm-holes stately monuments,
To feed oblivion with decay of things,
To blot old books and alter their contents,
To pluck the quills from ancient ravens' wings,

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To dry the old oak's sap and cherish springs,
To spoil antiquities of hammer'd steel,
And turn the giddy round of Fortune's wheel;

"To show the beldam daughters of her daughter,
To make the child a man, the man a child,
To slay the tiger that doth live by slaughter,
To tame the unicorn and lion wild,
To mock the subtle in themselves beguil'd,
To cheer the ploughman with increaseful crops,
And waste huge stones with little waterdrops.

"Why work'st thou mischief in thy pilgrimage,
Unless thou couldst return to make amends?
One poor retiring minute in an age
Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends,
Lending him wit that to bad debtors lends:
O, this dread night, wouldst thou one hour come back,
I could prevent this storm and shun thy wrack!

"Thou ceaseless lackey to eternity,
With some mischance cross Tarquin in his flight.
Devise extremes beyond extremity,
To make him curse this cursed crimeful night.
Let ghastly shadows his lewd eyes affright;
And the dire thought of his committed evil
Shape every bush a hideous shapeless devil.

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"Disturb his hours of rest with restless trances,
Afflict him in his bed with bedrid groans;
Let there bechance him pitiful mischances
To make him moan, but pity not his moans;
Stone him with hard'ned hearts, harder than stones;
And let mild women to him lose their mildness,
Wilder to him than tigers in their wildness.

"Let him have time to tear his curled hair,
Let him have time against himself to rave,
Let him have time of Time's help to despair,
Let him have time to live a loathed slave,
Let him have time a beggar's orts to crave,
And time to see one that by alms doth live
Disdain to him disdained scraps to give.

"Let him have time to see his friends his foes,
And merry fools to mock at him resort;
Let him have time to mark how slow time goes
In time of sorrow, and how swift and short
His time of folly and his time of sport;
And ever let his unrecalling crime
Have time to wail the abusing of his time.

"O Time, thou tutor both to good and bad,
Teach me to curse him that thou taught 's this ill!
At his own shadow let the thief run mad,
Himself himself seek every hour to kill!

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Such wretched hands such wretched blood should spill;
For who so base would such an office have
As slanderous deathsman to so base a slave?

"The baser is he, coming from a king,
To shame his hope with deeds degenerate.
The mightier man, the mightier is the thing
That makes him honour'd, or begets him hate;
For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.
The moon being clouded presently is miss'd,
But little stars may hide them when they list.

"The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in mire,
And unperceiv'd fly with the filth away;
But if the like the snow-white swan desire,
The stain upon his silver down will stay.
Poor grooms are sightless night, kings glorious day.
Gnats are unnoted wheresoe'er they fly,
But eagles gaz'd upon with every eye.

"Out, idle words, servants to shallow fools!
Unprofitable sounds, weak arbitrators!
Busy yourselves in skill-contending schools;
Debate where leisure serves with dull debaters;
To trembling clients be you mediators.
For me, I force not argument a straw,
Since that my case is past the help of law.

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"In vain I rail at Opportunity,
At Time, at Tarquin, and uncheerful Night;
In vain I cavil with mine infamy,
In vain I spurn at my confirm'd despite:
This helpless smoke of words doth me no right.
The remedy indeed to do me good
Is to let forth my foul defiled blood.

"Poor hand, why quiver'st thou at this decree?
Honour thyself to rid me of this shame;
For if I die, my honour lives in thee;
But if I live, thou liv'st in my defame.
Since thou couldst not defend thy loyal dame,
And wast afeard to scratch her wicked foe,
Kill both thyself and her for yielding so."

This said, from her be-tumbled couch she starteth,
To find some desperate instrument of death:
But this no slaughterhouse no tool imparteth
To make more vent for passage of her breath;
Which, thronging through her lips, so vanisheth
As smoke from Ætna, that in air consumes,
Or that which from discharged cannon fumes.

"In vain," quoth she, "I live, and seek in vain
Some happy mean to end a hapless life.
I fear'd by Tarquin's falchion to be slain,

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Yet for the self-same purpose seek a knife;
But when I fear'd, I was a loyal wife:
  So am I now: O no, that cannot be;
  Of that true type hath Tarquin rifled me.

"O, that is gone for which I sought to live,
And therefore now I need not fear to die.
To clear this spot by death, at least I give
A badge of fame to slander's livery,
A dying life to living infamy.
  Poor helpless help, the treasure stolen away,
  To burn the guiltless casket where it lay!

"Well, well, dear Collatine, thou shalt not know
The stained taste of violated troth;
I will not wrong thy true affection so,
To flatter thee with an infringed oath;
This bastard graff shall never come to growth.
  He shall not boast who did thy stock pollute
  That thou art doting father of his fruit.

"Nor shall he smile at thee in secret thought,
Nor laugh with his companions at thy state;
But thou shalt know thy interest was not bought
Basely with gold, but stolen from forth thy gate.
For me, I am the mistress of my fate,
  And with my trespass never will dispense,
  Till life to death acquit my forc'd offence.

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"I will not poison thee with my attaint,
Nor fold my fault in cleanly coin'd excuses;
My sable ground of sin I will not paint,
To hide the truth of this false night's abuses.
My tongue shall utter all; mine eyes, like sluices,
As from a mountain-spring that feeds a dale,
Shall gush pure streams to purge my impure tale."

By this, lamenting Philomel had ended
The well-tun'd warble of her nightly sorrow,
And solemn night with slow sad gait descended
To ugly hell; when, lo, the blushing morrow
Lends light to all fair eyes that light will borrow;
But cloudy Lucrece shames herself to see,
And therefore still in night would cloist'red be.

Revealing day through every cranny spies,
And seems to point her out where she sits weeping;
To whom she sobbing speaks: "O eye of eyes,
Why pry'st thou through my window? Leave thy peeping;
Mock with thy tickling beams eyes that are sleeping;
Brand not my forehead with thy piercing light,
For day hath nought to do what's done by night."

Thus cavils she with everything she sees.
True grief is fond and testy as a child,
Who wayward once, his mood with nought agrees.

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Old woes, not infant sorrows, bear them mild;
Continuance tames the one; the other wild,
  Like an unpractis'd swimmer plunging still,
  With too much labour drowns for want of skill.

So she, deep-drenched in a sea of care,
Holds disputation with each thing she views,
And to herself all sorrow doth compare;
No object but her passion's strength renews;
And as one shifts, another straight ensues.
  Sometime her grief is dumb and hath no words;
  Sometime 'tis mad and too much talk affords.

The little birds that tune their morning's joy
Make her moans mad with their sweet melody;
For mirth doth search the bottom of annoy,
Sad souls are slain in merry company;
Grief best is pleas'd with grief's society;
  True sorrow then is feelingly suffic'd
  When with like semblance it is sympathiz'd.

'Tis double death to drown in ken of shore;
He ten times pines that pines beholding food;
To see the salve doth make the wound ache more;
Great grief grieves most at that would do it good;
Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood,
  Who, being stopp'd, the bounding banks o'erflows;
  Grief dallied with nor law nor limit knows.

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"You mocking birds," quoth she, "your tunes entomb
Within your hollow-swelling feathered breasts,
And in my hearing be you mute and dumb;
My restless discord loves no stops nor rests;
A woeful hostess brooks not merry guests.
Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears;
Distress likes dumps when time is kept with tears.

"Come, Philomel, that sing'st of ravishment,
Make thy sad grove in my dishevell'd hair:
As the dank earth weeps at thy languishment,
So I at each sad strain will strain a tear,
And with deep groans the diapason bear;
For burden-wise I'll hum on Tarquin still,
While thou on Tereus descants better skill.

"And whiles against a thorn thou bear'st thy part
To keep thy sharp woes waking, wretched I,
To imitate thee well, against my heart
Will fix a sharp knife to affright mine eye;
Who, if it wink, shall thereon fall and die.
These means, as frets upon an instrument,
Shall tune our heart-strings to true languishment.

"And for, poor bird, thou sing'st not in the day,
As shaming any eye should thee behold,
Some dark deep desert, seated from the way,
That knows not parching heat nor freezing cold,

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Will we find out; and there we will unfold
To creatures stern, sad tunes to change their kinds;
Since men prove beasts, let beasts bear gentle minds."

As the poor frighted deer, that stands at gaze,
Wildly determining which way to fly,
Or one encompass'd with a winding maze,
That cannot tread the way out readily;
So with herself is she in mutiny,
To live or die which of the twain were better,
When life is sham'd, and death reproach's debtor.

"To kill myself," quoth she, "alack, what were it,
But with my body my poor soul's pollution?
They that lose half with greater patience bear it
Than they whose whole is swallowed in confusion.
That mother tries a merciless conclusion
Who, having two sweet babes, when death takes one,
Will slay the other and be nurse to none.

"My body or my soul, which was the dearer,
When the one pure, the other made divine?
Whose love of either to myself was nearer,
When both were kept for Heaven and Collatine?
Ay me! the bark peel'd from the lofty pine,
His leaves will wither and his sap decay;
So must my soul, her bark being peel'd away.

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"Her house is sack'd, her quiet interrupted,
Her mansion batter'd by the enemy;
Her sacred temple spotted, spoil'd, corrupted,
Grossly engirt with daring infamy:
Then let it not be call'd impiety,
If in this blemish'd fort I make some hole
Through which I may convey this troubled soul.

"Yet die I will not till my Collatine
Have heard the cause of my untimely death;
That he may vow, in that sad hour of mine,
Revenge on him that made me stop my breath.
My stained blood to Tarquin I'll bequeath,
Which by him tainted shall for him be spent,
And as his due writ in my testament.

"My honour I'll bequeath unto the knife
That wounds my body so dishonoured.
'Tis honour to deprive dishonour'd life;
The one will live, the other being dead:
So of shame's ashes shall my fame be bred;
For in my death I murder shameful scorn:
My shame so dead, mine honour is new-born.

"Dear lord of that dear jewel I have lost,
What legacy shall I bequeath to thee?
My resolution, love, shall be thy boast,
By whose example thou reveng'd mayst be.

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How Tarquin must be us'd, read it in me:
Myself, thy friend, will kill myself, thy foe,
And for my sake serve thou false Tarquin so.

"This brief abridgement of my will I make:
My soul and body to the skies and ground;
My resolution, husband, do thou take;
Mine honour be the knife's that makes my wound;
My shame be his that did my fame confound;
And all my fame that lives disbursed be
To those that live, and think no shame of me.

"Thou, Collatine, shalt oversee this will;
How was I overseen that thou shalt see it!
My blood shall wash the slander of mine ill;
My life's foul deed, my life's fair end shall free it.
Faint not, faint heart, but stoutly say, 'So be it:'
Yield to my hand; my hand shall conquer thee:
Thou dead, both die, and both shall victors be."

This plot of death when sadly she had laid,
And wip'd the brinish pearl from her bright eyes,
With untun'd tongue she hoarsely calls her maid,
Whose swift obedience to her mistress hies;
For fleet-wing'd duty with thought's feathers flies.
Poor Lucrece' cheeks unto her maid seem so
As winter meads when sun doth melt their snow.

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Her mistress she doth give demure good-morrow,
With soft slow tongue, true mark of modesty,
And sorts a sad look to her lady's sorrow,
For why her face wore sorrow's livery;
But durst not ask of her audaciously
  Why her two suns were cloud-eclipsed so,
  Nor why her fair cheeks over-wash'd with woe:

But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set,
Each flower moist'ned like a melting eye;
Even so the maid with swelling drops gan wet
Her circled eyne, enforc'd by sympathy
Of those fair suns set in her mistress' sky,
  Who in a salt-wav'd ocean quench their light,
  Which makes the maid weep like the dewy night.

A pretty while these pretty creatures stand,
Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling:
One justly weeps; the other takes in hand
No cause, but company, of her drops spilling.
Their gentle sex to weep are often willing,
  Grieving themselves to guess at others' smarts,
  And then they drown their eyes or break their hearts.

For men have marble, women waxen, minds.
And therefore are they form'd as marble will;
The weak oppress'd, the impression of strange kinds
Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill.

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Then call them not the authors of their ill,
No more than wax shall be accounted evil
Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a devil.

Their smoothness, like a goodly champaign plain,
Lays open all the little worms that creep;
In men, as in a rough-grown grove, remain
Cave-keeping evils that obscurely sleep.
Through crystal walls each little mote will peep;
Though men can cover crimes with bold stern looks,
Poor women's faces are their own faults' books.

No man inveigh against the withered flower,
But chide rough winter that the flower hath kill'd;
Not that devour'd, but that which doth devour,
Is worthy blame. O, let it not be hild
Poor women's faults, that they are so fulfill'd
With men's abuses: those proud lords, to blame,
Make weak-made women tenants to their shame.

The precedent whereof in Lucrece view,
Assail'd by night with circumstances strong
Of present death, and shame that might ensue
By that her death, to do her husband wrong.
Such danger to resistance did belong,
That dying fear through all her body spread;
And who cannot abuse a body dead?

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By this, mild patience bid fair Lucrece speak
To the poor counterfeit of her complaining:
"My girl," quoth she, "on what occasion break
Those tears from thee, that down thy cheeks are raining?
If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining,
Know, gentle wench, it small avails my mood;
If tears could help, mine own would do me good.

"But tell me, girl, when went" — and there she stay'd
Till after a deep groan — "Tarquin from hence?"
"Madam, ere I was up," repli'd the maid,
"The more to blame my sluggard negligence.
Yet with the fault I thus far can dispense;
Myself was stirring ere the break of day,
And, ere I rose, was Tarquin gone away.

"But, lady, if your maid may be so bold,
She would request to know your heaviness."
"O, peace!" quoth Lucrece: "if it should be told,
The repetition cannot make it less;
For more it is than I can well express,
And that deep torture may be call'd a hell
When more is felt then one hath power to tell.

"Go, get me hither paper, ink, and pen;
Yet save that labour, for I have them here. —
What should I say? — One of my husband's men

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Bid thou be ready, by and by, to bear
A letter to my lord, my love, my dear.
  Bid him with speed prepare to carry it;
  The cause craves haste, and it will soon be writ."

Her maid is gone, and she prepares to write,
First hovering o'er the paper with her quill.
Conceit and grief an eager combat fight;
What wit sets down is blotted straight with will;
This is too curious-good, this blunt and ill:
  Much like a press of people at a door,
  Throng her inventions, which shall go before.

At last she thus begins: "Thou worthy lord
Of that unworthy wife that greeteth thee,
Health to thy person! Next vouchsafe to afford—
If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt see—
Some present speed to come and visit me.
  So, I commend me from our house in grief;
  My woes are tedious, though my words are brief."

Here folds she up the tenour of her woe,
Her certain sorrow writ uncertainly.
By this short schedule Collatine may know
Her grief, but not her grief's true quality.
She dares not thereof make discovery,
  Lest he should hold it her own gross abuse,
  Ere she with blood had stain'd her stain'd excuse.

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Besides, the life and feeling of her passion
She hoards, to spend when he is by to hear her;
When sighs and groans and tears may grace the fashion
Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her
From that suspicion which the world might bear her.
To shun this blot, she would not blot the letter
With words, till action might become them better.

To see sad sights moves more than hear them told;
For then the eye interprets to the ear
The heavy motion that it doth behold,
When every part a part of woe doth bear.
'Tis but a part of sorrow that we hear;
Deep sounds make lesser noise than shallow fords,
And sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of words.

Her letter now is seal'd, and on it writ,
"At Ardea to my lord with more than haste."
The post attends, and she delivers it,
Charging the sour-fac'd groom to hie as fast
As lagging fowls before the northern blast.
Speed more than speed but dull and slow she deems:
Extremity still urgeth such extremes.

The homely villain curtsies to her low;
And, blushing on her, with a steadfast eye
Receives the scroll without or yea or no,

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And forth with bashful innocence doth hie.
But they whose guilt within their bosoms lie
Imagine every eye beholds their blame;
For Lucrece thought he blush'd to see her shame,

When, silly groom! God wot, it was defect
Of spirit, life, and bold audacity.
Such harmless creatures have a true respect
To talk in deeds, while others saucily
Promise more speed, but do it leisurely;
Even so this pattern of the worn-out age
Pawn'd honest looks, but laid no words to gage.

His kindled duty kindled her mistrust,
That two red fires in both their faces blazed;
She thought he blush'd, as knowing Tarquin's lust,
And, blushing with him, wistly on him gazed;
Her earnest eye did make him more amazed.
The more she saw the blood his cheeks replenish,
The more she thought he spied in her some blemish.

But long she thinks till he return again,
And yet the duteous vassal scarce is gone.
The weary time she cannot entertain,
For now 'tis stale to sigh, to weep, and groan.
So woe hath wearied woe, moan tired moan,
That she her plaints a little while doth stay,
Pausing for means to mourn some newer way.

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At last she calls to mind where hangs a piece
Of skilful painting, made for Priam's Troy;
Before the which is drawn the power of Greece,
For Helen's rape the city to destroy,
Threat'ning cloud-kissing Ilion with annoy;
Which the conceited painter drew so proud,
As heaven, it seem'd, to kiss the turrets bow'd.

A thousand lamentable objects there,
In scorn of nature, art gave lifeless life:
Many a dry drop seem'd a weeping tear,
Shed for the slaught'red husband by the wife;
The red blood reek'd, to show the painter's strife;
And dying eyes gleam'd forth their ashy lights,
Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.

There might you see the labouring pioner
Begrim'd with sweat, and smeared all with dust;
And from the towers of Troy there would appear
The very eyes of men through loop-holes thrust,
Gazing upon the Greeks with little lust.
Such sweet observance in this work was had,
That one might see those far-off eyes look sad.

In great commanders grace and majesty
You might behold, triumphing in their faces;
In youth, quick bearing and dexterity;
And here and there the painter interlaces

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Pale cowards, marching on with trembling paces;
Which heartless peasants did so well resemble,
That one would swear he saw them quake and tremble.

In Ajax and Ulysses, O, what art
Of physiognomy might one behold!
The face of either cipher'd either's heart;
Their face their manners most expressly told:
In Ajax' eyes blunt rage and rigour roll'd;
But the mild glance that sly Ulysses lent
Showed deep regard and smiling government.

There pleading might you see grave Nestor stand,
As 'twere encouraging the Greeks to fight;
Making such sober action with his hand,
That it beguil'd attention, charm'd the sight.
In speech, it seem'd, his beard, all silver white,
Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did fly
Thin winding breath, which purl'd up to the sky.

About him were a press of gaping faces,
Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice;
All jointly list'ning, but with several graces,
As if some mermaid did their ears entice,
Some high, some low, the painter was so nice;
The scalps of many, almost hid behind,
To jump up higher seem'd, to mock the mind.

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Here one man's hand lean'd on another's head,
His nose being shadowed by his neighbour's ear;
Here one being throng'd bears back, all boll'n and red;
Another smother'd seems to pelt and swear;
And in their rage such signs of rage they bear,
As, but for loss of Nestor's golden words,
It seem'd they would debate with angry swords.

For much imaginary work was there;
Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind,
That for Achilles' image stood his spear,
Gripp'd in an armed hand; himself, behind,
Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind.
A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,
Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the walls of strong-besieged Troy
When their brave hope, bold Hector, march'd to field,
Stood many Troyan mothers, sharing joy
To see their youthful sons bright weapons wield;
And to their hope they such odd action yield,
That through their light joy seemed to appear,
Like bright things stain'd, a kind of heavy fear.

And from the strand of Dardan, where they fought,
To Simois' reedy banks the red blood ran,
Whose waves to imitate the battle sought
With swelling ridges; and their ranks began

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To break upon the galled shore, and than
Retire again, till, meeting greater ranks,
They join and shoot their foam at Simois' banks.

To this well-painted piece is Lucrece come,
To find a face where all distress is steel'd.
Many she sees where cares have carved some,
But none where all distress and dolour dwell'd
Till she despairing Hecuba beheld,
Staring on Priam's wounds with her old eyes,
Which bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud foot lies.

In her the painter had anatomiz'd
Time's ruin, beauty's wreck, and grim care's reign.
Her cheeks with chaps and wrinkles were disguis'd;
Of what she was, no semblance did remain.
Her blue blood chang'd to black in every vein,
Wanting the spring that those shrunk pipes had fed,
Show'd life imprison'd in a body dead.

On this sad shadow Lucrece spends her eyes,
And shapes her sorrow to the beldam's woes,
Who nothing wants to answer her but cries,
And bitter words to ban her cruel foes;
The painter was no god to lend her those,
And therefore Lucrece swears he did her wrong,
To give her so much grief and not a tongue.

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"Poor instrument," quoth she, "without a sound,
I'll tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue;
And drop sweet balm in Priam's painted wound,
And rail on Pyrrhus that hath done him wrong;
And with my tears quench Troy that burns so long;
And with my knife scratch out the angry eyes
Of all the Greeks that are thine enemies.

"Show me the strumpet that began this stir,
That with my nails her beauty I may tear.
Thy heat of lust, fond Paris, did incur
This load of wrath that burning Troy doth bear;
Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here;
And here in Troy, for trespass of thine eye,
The sire, the son, the dame, and daughter die.

"Why should the private pleasure of some one
Become the public plague of many moe?
Let sin, alone committed, light alone
Upon his head that hath transgressed so;
Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty woe:
For one's offence why should so many fall,
To plague a private sin in general?

"Lo, here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies,
Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus swounds,
Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies,
And friend to friend gives unadvised wounds,

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And one man's lust these many lives confounds.
Had doting Priam check'd his son's desire,
Troy had been bright with fame and not with fire."

Here feelingly she weeps Troy's painted woes;
For sorrow, like a heavy-hanging bell,
Once set on ringing, with his own weight goes;
Then little strength rings out the doleful knell:
So Lucrece, set a-work, sad tales doth tell
To pencill'd pensiveness and colour'd sorrow;
She lends them words, and she their looks doth borrow.

She throws her eyes about the painting round,
And who she finds forlorn she doth lament.
At last she sees a wretched image bound,
That piteous looks to Phrygian shepherds lent:
His face, though full of cares, yet show'd content;
Onward to Troy with the blunt swains he goes,
So mild, that Patience seem'd to scorn his woes.

In him the painter labour'd with his skill
To hide deceit, and give the harmless show
An humble gait, calm looks, eyes wailing still,
A brow unbent, that seem'd to welcome woe;
Cheeks neither red nor pale, but mingled so
That blushing red no guilty instance gave,
Nor ashy pale the fear that false hearts have.

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But, like a constant and confirmed devil,
He entertain'd a show so seeming-just,
And therein so ensconc'd his secret evil,
That jealousy itself could not mistrust
False creeping craft and perjury should thrust
Into so bright a day such black-fac'd storms,
Or blot with hell-born sin such saint-like forms.

The well-skill'd workman this mild image drew
For perjur'd Sinon, whose enchanting story
The credulous old Priam after slew;
Whose words like wildfire burnt the shining glory
Of rich-built Ilion, that the skies were sorry,
And little stars shot from their fixed places,
When their glass fell wherein they view'd their faces.

This picture she advisedly perus'd,
And chid the painter for his wondrous skill,
Saying, some shape in Sinon's was abus'd;
So fair a form lodg'd not a mind so ill.
And still on him she gaz'd; and gazing still,
Such signs of truth in his plain face she spied,
That she concludes the picture was belied.

"It cannot be," quoth she, "that so much guile" —
She would have said, "can lurk in such a look;"
But Tarquin's shape came in her mind the while,
And from her tongue "can lurk" from "cannot" took:

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"It cannot be" she in that sense forsook,
And turn'd it thus, "It cannot be, I find,
But such a face should bear a wicked mind:

"For even as subtle Sinon here is painted,
So sober-sad, so weary, and so mild,
As if with grief or travail he had fainted,
To me came Tarquin armed to begild
With outward honesty, but yet defil'd
With inward vice. As Priam him did cherish,
So did I Tarquin; so my Troy did perish.

"Look, look, how list'ning Priam wets his eyes,
To see those borrowed tears that Sinon sheds!
Priam, why art thou old and yet not wise?
For every tear he falls a Troyan bleeds;
His eye drops fire, no water thence proceeds;
Those round clear pearls of his, that move thy pity,
Are balls of quenchless fire to burn thy city.

"Such devils steal effects from lightless hell;
For Sinon in his fire doth quake with cold,
And in that cold, hot-burning fire doth dwell;
These contraries such unity do hold
Only to flatter fools and make them bold:
So Priam's trust false Sinon's tears doth flatter,
That he finds means to burn his Troy with water."

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Here, all enrag'd, such passion her assails
That patience is quite beaten from her breast.
She tears the senseless Sinon with her nails,
Comparing him to that unhappy guest
Whose deed hath made herself herself detest.
At last she smilingly with this gives o'er;
"Fool, fool!" quoth she, "his wounds will not be sore."

Thus ebbs and flows the current of her sorrow,
And time doth weary time with her complaining.
She looks for night, and then she longs for morrow,
And both she thinks too long with her remaining.
Short time seems long in sorrow's sharp sustaining;
Though woe be heavy, yet it seldom sleeps;
And they that watch see time how slow it creeps:

Which all this time hath overslipp'd her thought,
That she with painted images hath spent;
Being from the feeling of her own grief brought
By deep surmise of others' detriment,
Losing her woes in shows of discontent.
It easeth some, though none it ever cured,
To think their dolour others have endured.

But now the mindful messenger, come back,
Brings home his lord and other company,
Who finds his Lucrece clad in mourning black;

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And round about her tear-distained eye
Blue circles stream'd, like rainbows in the sky.
These water-galls in her dim element
Foretell new storms to those already spent:

Which when her sad-beholding husband saw,
Amazedly in her sad face he stares:
Her eyes, though sod in tears, look'd red and raw,
Her lively colour kill'd with deadly cares.
He hath no power to ask her how she fares.
Both stood, like old acquaintance in a trance,
Met far from home, wond'ring each other's chance.

At last he takes her by the bloodless hand,
And thus begins: "What uncouth ill event
Hath thee befallen, that thou dost trembling stand?
Sweet love, what spite hath thy fair colour spent?
Why art thou thus attir'd in discontent?
Unmask, dear dear, this moody heaviness,
And tell thy grief, that we may give redress."

Three times with sighs she gives her sorrow fire,
Ere once she can discharge one word of woe.
At length address'd to answer his desire,
She modestly prepares to let them know
Her honour is ta'en prisoner by the foe;
While Collatine and his consorted lords
With sad attention long to hear her words.

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And now this pale swan in her watery nest
Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending;
"Few words," quoth she, "shall fit the trespass best,
Where no excuse can give the fault amending.
In me moe woes than words are now depending;
And my laments would be drawn out too long,
To tell them all with one poor tired tongue.

"Then be this all the task it hath to say:
Dear husband, in the interest of thy bed
A stranger came, and on that pillow lay
Where thou wast wont to rest thy weary head;
And what wrong else may be imagined
By foul enforcement might be done to me,
From that, alas, thy Lucrece is not free.

"For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight,
With shining falchion in my chamber came
A creeping creature, with a flaming light,
And softly cried, 'Awake, thou Roman dame,
And entertain my love; else lasting shame
On thee and thine this night I will inflict,
If thou my love's desire do contradict.

"'For some hard-favour'd groom of thine,' quoth he,
'Unless thou yoke thy liking to my will,
I'll murder straight, and then I'll slaughter thee

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And swear I found you where you did fulfil
The loathsome act of lust, and so did kill
  The lechers in their deed. This act will be
  My fame and thy perpetual infamy.'

"With this, I did begin to start and cry;
And then against my heart he set his sword,
Swearing, unless I took all patiently,
I should not live to speak another word;
So should my shame still rest upon record,
  And never be forgot in mighty Rome
  The adulterate death of Lucrece and her groom.

"Mine enemy was strong, my poor self weak,
And far the weaker with so strong a fear.
My bloody judge forbade my tongue to speak;
No rightful plea might plead for justice there.
His scarlet lust came evidence to swear
  That my poor beauty had purloin'd his eyes;
  And when the judge is robb'd, the prisoner dies.

"O, teach me how to make mine own excuse!
Or at the least this refuge let me find;
Though my gross blood be stain'd with this abuse,
Immaculate and spotless is my mind;
That was not forc'd; that never was inclin'd
  To accessary yieldings, but still pure
  Doth in her poison'd closet yet endure."

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Lo, here, the hopeless merchant of this loss,
With head declin'd, and voice damm'd up with woe,
With sad set eyes, and wretched arms across,
From lips new-waxen pale begins to blow
The grief away that stops his answer so:
But, wretched as he is, he strives in vain;
What he breathes out his breath drinks up again.

As through an arch the violent roaring tide
Outruns the eye that doth behold his haste,
Yet in the eddy boundeth in his pride
Back to the strait that forc'd him on so fast;
In rage sent out, recall'd in rage, being past:
Even so his sighs, his sorrows, make a saw,
To push grief on and back the same grief draw.

Which speechless woe of his, poor she attendeth,
And his untimely frenzy thus awaketh:
"Dear lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth
Another power; no flood by raining slaketh.
My woe too sensible thy passion maketh
More feeling-painful: let it then suffice
To drown one woe, one pair of weeping eyes.

"And for my sake, when I might charm thee so
For she that was thy Lucrece, now attend me:
Be suddenly revenged on my foe,
Thine, mine, his own: suppose thou dost defend me

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From what is past: the help that thou shalt lend me
Comes all too late, yet let the traitor die,
For sparing justice feeds iniquity.

"But ere I name him, you fair lords," quoth she,
Speaking to those that came with Collatine,
"Shall plight your honourable faiths to me,
With swift pursuit to venge this wrong of mine;
For 'tis a meritorious fair design
To chase injustice with revengeful arms.
Knights, by their oaths, should right poor ladies' harms."

At this request, with noble disposition
Each present lord began to promise aid,
As bound in knighthood to her imposition,
Longing to hear the hateful foe bewray'd.
But she, that yet her sad task hath not said,
The protestation stops. "O, speak," quoth she,
"How may this forced stain be wip'd from me?

"What is the quality of mine offence,
Being constrain'd with dreadful circumstance?
May my pure mind with the foul act dispense,
My low-declined honour to advance?
May any terms acquit me from this chance?
The poisoned fountain clears itself again;
And why not I from this compelled stain?"

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With this, they all at once began to say,
Her body's stain her mind untainted clears;
While with a joyless smile she turns away
The face, that map which deep impression bears
Of hard misfortune, carv'd in it with tears.
"No, no," quoth she, "no dame, hereafter living,
By my excuse shall claim excuse's giving."

Here with a sigh, as if her heart would break,
She throws forth Tarquin's name: "He, he," she says,
But more than "he" her poor tongue could not speak;
Till after many accents and delays,
Untimely breathings, sick and short assays,
She utters this, "He, he, fair lords, 'tis he,
That guides this hand to give this wound to me."

Even here she sheathed in her harmless breast
A harmful knife, that thence her soul unsheathed.
That blow did bail it from the deep unrest
Of that polluted prison where it breathed.
Her contrite sighs unto the clouds bequeathed
Her winged sprite, and through her wounds doth fly
Life's lasting date from cancell'd destiny.

Stone-still, astonish'd with this deadly deed,
Stood Collatine and all his lordly crew;
Till Lucrece' father, that beholds her bleed,
Himself on her self-slaught'red body threw;

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And from the purple fountain Brutus drew
The murderous knife, and, as it left the place,
Her blood, in poor revenge, held it in chase;

And bubbling from her breast, it doth divide
In two slow rivers, that the crimson blood
Circles her body in on every side,
Who, like a late-sack'd island, vastly stood
Bare and unpeopled in this fearful flood.
Some of her blood still pure and red remain'd,
And some look'd black, and that false Tarquin stain'd.

About the mourning and congealed face
Of that black blood a watery rigol goes,
Which seems to weep upon the tainted place:
And ever since, as pitying Lucrece' woes,
Corrupted blood some watery token shows;
And blood untainted still doth red abide,
Blushing at that which is so putrifi'd.

"Daughter, dear daughter," old Lucretius cries,
"That life was mine which thou hast here deprived.
If in the child the father's image lies,
Where shall I live now Lucrece is unlived?
Thou wast not to this end from me derived.
If children pre-decease progenitors,
We are their offspring, and they none of ours.

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"Poor broken glass, I often did behold
In thy sweet semblance my old age new born;
But now that fair fresh mirror, dim and old,
Shows me a bare-bon'd death by time outworn.
O, from thy cheeks my image thou hast torn,
And shiver'd all the beauty of my glass,
That I no more can see what once I was!

"O Time, cease thou thy course and last no longer,
If they surcease to be that should survive.
Shall rotten death make conquest of the stronger
And leave the falt'ring feeble souls alive?
The old bees die, the young possess their hive:
Then live, sweet Lucrece, live again and see
Thy father die, and not thy father thee!"

By this, starts Collatine as from a dream,
And bids Lucretius give his sorrow place;
And then in key-cold Lucrece' bleeding stream
He falls, and bathes the pale fear in his face,
And counterfeits to die with her a space;
Till manly shame bids him possess his breath
And live to be revenged on her death.

The deep vexation of his inward soul
Hath serv'd a dumb arrest upon his tongue;
Who, mad that sorrow should his use control,
Or keep him from heart-easing words so long,

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Begins to talk; but through his lips do throng
  Weak words, so thick come in his poor heart's aid,
  That no man could distinguish what he said.

Yet sometime "Tarquin" was pronounced plain,
But through his teeth, as if the name he tore.
This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,
Held back his sorrow's tide, to make it more;
At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er:
  Then son and father weep with equal strife
  Who should weep most, for daughter or for wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his,
Yet neither may possess the claim they lay.
The father says, "She's mine." "O, mine she is,"
Replies her husband: "do not take away
My sorrow's interest; let no mourner say
  He weeps for her, for she was only mine,
  And only must be wail'd by Collatine."

"O," quoth Lucretius, "I did give that life
Which she too early and too late hath spill'd."
"Woe, woe," quoth Collatine, "she was my wife,
I ow'd her, and 'tis mine that she hath kill'd."
"My daughter!" and "My wife!" with clamours fill'd
  The dispers'd air, who, holding Lucrece' life,
  Answer'd their cries, "My daughter!" and "My wife!"

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Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece' side,
Seeing such emulation in their woe,
Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,
Burying in Lucrece' wound his folly's show.
He with the Romans was esteemed so
As silly jeering idiots are with kings,
For sportive words and utt'ring foolish things.

But now he throws that shallow habit by,
Wherein deep policy did him disguise;
And arm'd his long-hid wits advisedly,
To check the tears in Collatinus' eyes.
"Thou wronged lord of Rome," quoth he, "arise.
Let my unsounded self, suppos'd a fool,
Now set thy long-experienc'd wit to school.

"Why, Collatine, is woe the cure for woe?
Do wounds help wounds, or grief help grievous deeds?
Is it revenge to give thyself a blow
For his foul act by whom thy fair wife bleeds?
Such childish humour from weak minds proceeds;
Thy wretched wife mistook the matter so,
To slay herself, that should have slain her foe.

"Courageous Roman, do not steep thy heart
In such relenting dew of lamentations;
But kneel with me and help to bear thy part,
To rouse our Roman gods with invocations

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That they will suffer these abominations,
Since Rome herself in them doth stand disgraced,
By our strong arms from forth her fair streets chased.

"Now, by the Capitol that we adore,
And by this chaste blood so unjustly stained,
By heaven's fair sun that breeds the fat earth's store,
By all our country rights in Rome maintained,
And by chaste Lucrece' soul that late complained
Her wrongs to us, and by this bloody knife,
We will revenge the death of this true wife."

This said, he struck his hand upon his breast,
And kiss'd the fatal knife, to end his vow;
And to his protestation urg'd the rest,
Who, wond'ring at him, did his words allow.
Then jointly to the ground their knees they bow;
And that deep vow, which Brutus made before,
He doth again repeat, and that they swore.

When they had sworn to this advised doom,
They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece thence;
To show her bleeding body thorough Rome,
And so to publish Tarquin's foul offence:
Which being done with speedy diligence,
The Romans plausibly did give consent
To Tarquin's everlasting banishment.

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The Passionate Pilgrim

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The Passionate Pilgrim

I

When my love swears that she is made of truth,
I do believe her, though I know she lies,
That she might think me some untutor'd youth,
Unskilful in the world's false forgeries.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although I know my years be past the best,
I, smiling, credit her false-speaking tongue,
Outfacing faults in love with love's ill rest.
But wherefore says my love that she is young?
And wherefore say not I that I am old?
O, love's best habit is a soothing tongue,
And age, in love, loves not to have years told.
Therefore I'll lie with love, and love with me,
Since that our faults in love thus smother'd be.

II

Two loves I have, of comfort and despair,
That like two spirits do suggest me still;
My better angel is a man right fair,

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My worser spirit a woman colour'd ill.
To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side,
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her fair pride.
But whether that my angel be turn'd fiend,
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;
For being both to me, both to each friend,
I guess one angel in another's hell.
The truth I shall not know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

III

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world could not hold argument,
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.
A woman I forswore; but I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace in me.
My vow was breath, and breath a vapour is;
Then, thou fair sun, that on this earth doth shine,
Exhale this vapour vow; in thee it is:
If broken, then it is no fault of mine;
If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
To break an oath to win a paradise?

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IV

Sweet Cytherea, sitting by a brook
With young Adonis, lovely, fresh, and green,
Did court the lad with many a lovely look,
Such looks as none could look but beauty's queen.
She told him stories to delight his ear;
She show'd him favours to allure his eye;
To win his heart, she touch'd him here and there, —
Touches so soft still conquer chastity.
But whether unripe years did want conceit,
Or he refus'd to take her figured proffer,
The tender nibbler would not touch the bait,
But smile and jest at every gentle offer.
Then fell she on her back, fair queen, and toward:
He rose and ran away; ah, fool too froward!

V

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?
O never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed:
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll constant prove;
Those thoughts, to me like oaks, to thee like osiers bowed.
Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,
Where all those pleasures live that art can comprehend.
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;
Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend;

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All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder;
Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire.
Thine eye Jove's lightning seems, thy voice his dreadful thunder,
Which, not to anger bent, is music and sweet fire.
Celestial as thou art, O do not love that wrong,
To sing heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue.

VI

Scarce had the sun dried up the dewy morn,
And scarce the herd gone to the hedge for shade,
When Cytherea, all in love forlorn,
A longing tarriance for Adonis made
Under an osier growing by a brook,
A brook where Adon us'd to cool his spleen.
Hot was the day; she hotter that did look
For his approach, that often there had been.
Anon he comes, and throws his mantle by,
And stood stark naked on the brook's green brim.
The sun look'd on the world with glorious eye,
Yet not so wistly as this queen on him.
He, spying her, bounc'd in whereas he stood.
"O Jove," quoth she, "why was not I a flood?"

VII

Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle;
Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty;
Brighter than glass, and yet, as glass is, brittle;

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Softer than wax, and yet, as iron, rusty:
A lily pale, with damask dye to grace her,
None fairer, nor none falser to deface her.

Her lips to mine how often hath she joined,
Between each kiss her oaths of true love swearing!
How many tales to please me hath she coined,
Dreading my love, the loss thereof still fearing!
Yet in the midst of all her pure protestings,
Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were jestings.

She burn'd with love, as straw with fire flameth;
She burn'd out love, as soon as straw outburneth;
She fram'd the love, and yet she foil'd the framing;
She bade love last, and yet she fell a-turning.
Was this a lover, or a lecher whether?
Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.

[VIII]

If music and sweet poetry agree,
As they must needs, the sister and the brother,
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other.
Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
Upon the lute doth ravish human sense;
Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such
As, passing all conceit, needs no defence.

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Thou lov'st to hear the sweet melodious sound
That Phœbus' lute, the queen of music, makes;
And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd
Whenas himself to singing he betakes.
One god is god of both, as poets feign;
One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.

IX

Fair was the morn when the fair queen of love,
. . . . . .
Paler for sorrow than her milk-white dove,
For Adon's sake, a youngster proud and wild;
Her stand she takes upon a steep-up hill.
Anon Adonis comes with horn and hounds;
She, silly queen, with more than love's good will,
Forbade the boy he should not pass those grounds.
"Once," quoth she, "did I see a fair sweet youth
Here in these brakes deep-wounded with a boar,
Deep in the thigh, a spectacle of ruth!
See, in my thigh," quoth she, "here was the sore."
She showed hers: he saw more wounds than one,
And blushing fled, and left her all alone.

X

Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd, soon faded,
Pluck'd in the bud, and faded in the spring!
Bright orient pearl, alack, too timely shaded!

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Fair creature, kill'd too soon by death's sharp sting!
Like a green plum that hangs upon a tree,
And falls, through wind, before the fall should be.

I weep for thee, and yet no cause I have,
For why thou left'st me nothing in thy will;
And yet thou left'st me more than I did crave,
For why I craved nothing of thee still.
O yes, dear friend, I pardon crave of thee,
Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.

[XI]

Venus, with young Adonis sitting by her
Under a myrtle shade, began to woo him.
She told the youngling how god Mars did try her,
And as he fell to her, so fell she to him.
"Even thus," quoth she, "the warlike god embrac'd me,"
And then she clipp'd Adonis in her arms;
"Even thus," quoth she, "the warlike god unlac'd me,"
As if the boy should use like loving charms;
"Even thus," quoth she, "he seized on my lips,"
And with her lips on his did act the seizure:
And as she fetched breath, away he skips,
And would not take her meaning nor her pleasure.
Ah, that I had my lady at this bay,
To kiss and clip me till I run away!

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XII

Crabbed age and youth cannot live together:
Youth is full of pleasance, age is full of care;
Youth like summer morn, age like winter weather;
Youth like summer brave, age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport, age's breath is short;
Youth is nimble, age is lame;
Youth is hot and bold, age is weak and cold;
Youth is wild, and age is tame.
Age, I do abhor thee; youth, I do adore thee;
O, my love, my love is young!
Age, I do defy thee: O, sweet shepherd, hie thee,
For methinks thou stay'st too long.

XIII

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good;
A shining gloss that fadeth suddenly;
A flower that dies when first it gins to bud;
A brittle glass that's broken presently:
A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour.

And as goods lost are seld or never found,
As faded gloss no rubbing will refresh,
As flowers dead lie withered on the ground,
As broken glass no cement can redress,
So beauty blemish'd once 's for ever lost,
In spite of physic, painting, pain, and cost.

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XIV

Good-night, good rest. Ah, neither be my share!
She bade good-night that kept my rest away;
And daff'd me to a cabin hang'd with care,
To descant on the doubts of my decay.
"Farewell," quoth she, "and come again to-morrow."
Fare well I could not, for I supp'd with sorrow.

Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile,
In scorn or friendship, nill I construe whether.
'T may be, she joy'd to jest at my exile,
'T may be, again to make me wander thither:
"Wander," a word for shadows like myself
As take the pain but cannot pluck the pelf.

Lord, how mine eyes throw gazes to the east!
My heart doth charge the watch; the morning rise
Doth cite each moving sense from idle rest,
Not daring trust the office of mine eyes.
While Philomela sits and sings, I sit and mark,
And wish her lays were tuned like the lark:

For she doth welcome daylight with her ditty,
And drives away dark dreaming night.
The night so pack'd, I post unto my pretty;
Heart hath his hope, and eyes their wished sight;
Sorrow chang'd to solace, and solace mix'd with sorrow;
For why, she sigh'd and bade me come to-morrow.

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Were I with her, the night would post too soon;
But now are minutes added to the hours;
To spite me now, each minute seems a moon;
Yet not for me, shine sun to succour flowers!
Pack night, peep day; good day, of night now borrow:
Short, night, to-night, and length thyself to-morrow.

Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Music

[xv]

It was a lording's daughter, the fairest one of three,
That liked of her master as well as well might be,
Till looking on an Englishman, the fair'st that eye could see,
Her fancy fell a-turning.

Long was the combat doubtful that love with love did fight,
To leave the master loveless, or kill the gallant knight:
To put in practice either, alas, it was a spite
Unto the silly damsel!

But one must be refused; more mickle was the pain
That nothing could be used to turn them both to gain,

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For of the two the trusty knight was wounded with disdain:
Alas, she could not help it!

Thus art with arms contending was victor of the day,
Which by a gift of learning did bear the maid away.
Then, lullaby, the learned man hath got the lady gay;
For now my song is ended.

XVI

On a day, alack the day!
Love, whose month was ever May,
Spied a blossom passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air.
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, gan passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.
"Air," quoth he, "thy cheeks may blow;
Air, would I might triumph so!
But, alas! my hand hath sworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn;
Vow, alack! for youth unmeet,
Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet.
Thou for whom Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiope were;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love."

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[XVII]

My flocks feed not,
My ewes breed not,
My rams speed not,
  All is amiss;
Love is dying,
Faith's defying,
Heart's renying,
  Causer of this.
All my merry jigs are quite forgot,
All my lady's love is lost, God wot.
Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love,
There a nay is plac'd without remove.
One silly cross
Wrought all my loss;
  O frowning Fortune, cursed, fickle dame!
For now I see
Inconstancy
  More in women than in men remain.

In black mourn I,
All fears scorn I,
Love hath forlorn me,
  Living in thrall;
Heart is bleeding,
All help needing,
O cruel speeding,
  Fraughted with gall.
My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal;

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My wether's bell rings doleful knell;
My curtal dog, that wont to have play'd,
Plays not at all, but seems afraid;
With sighs so deep
Procures to weep,
In howling wise, to see my doleful plight.
How sighs resound
Through heartless ground,
Like a thousand vanquish'd men in bloody fight!

Clear wells spring not,
Sweet birds sing not,
Green plants bring not
Forth their dye;
Herds stand weeping,
Flocks all sleeping,
Nymphs back peeping
Fearfully.
All our pleasure known to us poor swains,
All our merry meetings on the plains,
All our evening sport from us is fled,
All our love is lost, for Love is dead.
Farewell, sweet lass,
Thy like ne'er was
For a sweet content, the cause of all my moan.
Poor Corydon
Must live alone;
Other help for him I see that there is none.

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XVIII

Whenas thine eye hath chose the dame,
And stall'd the deer that thou shouldst strike,
Let reason rule things worthy blame,
As well as fancy, partial like.
Take counsel of some wiser head,
Neither too young nor yet unwed.

And when thou com'st thy tale to tell,
Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk,
Lest she some subtle practice smell, —
A cripple soon can find a halt; —
But plainly say thou lov'st her well,
And set thy person forth to sell.

What though her frowning brows be bent,
Her cloudy looks will calm ere night;
And then too late she will repent
That thus dissembled her delight;
And twice desire, ere it be day,
That which with scorn she put away.

What though she strive to try her strength,
And ban and brawl, and say thee nay,
Her feeble force will yield at length,
When craft hath taught her thus to say:
"Had women been so strong as men,
In faith, you had not had it then."

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And to her will frame all thy ways;
Spare not to spend, and chiefly there
Where thy desert may merit praise,
By ringing in thy lady's ear.
The strongest castle, tower, and town,
The golden bullet beats it down.

Serve always with assured trust,
And in thy suit be humble true;
Unless thy lady prove unjust,
Press never thou to choose a new.
When time shall serve, be thou not slack
To proffer, though she put thee back.

The wiles and guiles that women work,
Dissembled with an outward show,
The tricks and toys that in them lurk,
The cock that treads them shall not know.
Have you not heard it said full oft,
A woman's nay doth stand for nought?

Think women seek to strive with men
To sin, and never for to saint:
Here is no heaven; they holy then
Begin, when age doth them attaint.
Were kisses all the joys in bed,
One woman would another wed.

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But, soft! enough; too much, I fear,
Lest that my mistress hear my song;
She will not stick to wring my ear,
To teach my tongue to be so long.
Yet will she blush, here be it said,
To hear her secrets so bewray'd.

XIX

Live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
And all the craggy mountains yields.

There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers, by whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee a bed of roses,
With a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Then live with me and be my love.

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Love's Answer

If that the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy love.

XX

As it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and plants did spring;
Every thing did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone.
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity.
"Fie, fie, fie," now would she cry;
"Tereu, tereu!" by and by;
That to hear her so complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain;
For her griefs, so lively shown,
Made me think upon mine own.
Ah, thought I, thou mourn'st in vain!
None takes pity on thy pain.

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Senseless trees they cannot hear thee;
Ruthless beasts, they will not cheer thee.
King Pandion he is dead;
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead;
All thy fellow birds do sing,
Careless of thy sorrowing.
[Even so, poor bird, like thee,
None alive will pity me.]
Whilst as fickle Fortune smil'd,
Thou and I were both beguil'd.
Every one that flatters thee
Is no friend in misery.
Words are easy, like the wind;
Faithful friends are hard to find:
Every man will be thy friend
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend;
But if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call,
And with such-like flattering,
"Pity but he were a king!"
If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice:
If to women he be bent,
They have at commandement:
But if Fortune once do frown,
Then farewell his great renown;

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They that fawn'd on him before
Use his company no more.
He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need:
If thou sorrow, he will weep;
If thou wake, he cannot sleep;
Thus of every grief in heart
He with thee doth bear a part.
These are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flatt'ring foe.

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The Phœnix and the Turtle

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The Phœnix and the Turtle

Let the bird of loudest lay,
On the sole Arabian tree,
Herald sad and trumpet be,
To whose sound chaste wings obey.

But thou shrieking harbinger,
Foul precurrer of the fiend,
Augur of the fever's end,
To this troop come thou not near!

From this session interdict
Every fowl of tyrant wing,
Save the eagle, feath'red king;
Keep the obsequy so strict.

Let the priest in surplice white,
That defunctive music can,
Be the death-divining swan,
Lest the requiem lack his right.

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And thou treble-dated crow,
That thy sable gender mak'st
With the breath thou giv'st and tak'st,
'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.

Here the anthem doth commence:
Love and Constancy is dead;
Phœnix and the turtle fled
In a mutual flame from hence.

So they lov'd, as love in twain
Had the essence but in one;
Two distincts, division none:
Number there in love was slain.

Hearts remote, yet not asunder;
Distance, and no space was seen
'Twixt this turtle and his queen:
But in them, it were a wonder.

So between them love did shine,
That the turtle saw his right
Flaming in the phœnix' sight;
Either was the other's mine.

Property was thus appalled,
That the self was not the same;
Single nature's double name
Neither two nor one was called.

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Reason, in itself confounded,
Saw division grow together,
To themselves yet either neither,
Simple were so well compounded,

That it cried, "How true a twain
Seemeth this concordant one!
Love hath reason, Reason none,
If what parts can so remain."

Whereupon it made this threne
To the phœnix and the dove,
Co-supremes and stars of love,
As chorus to their tragic scene.

THRENOS

Beauty, Truth, and Rarity,
Grace in all simplicity,
Here enclos'd, in cinders lie.

Death is now the phœnix' nest;
And the turtle's loyal breast
To eternity doth rest;

Leaving no posterity:
'Twas not their infirmity,
It was married chastity.

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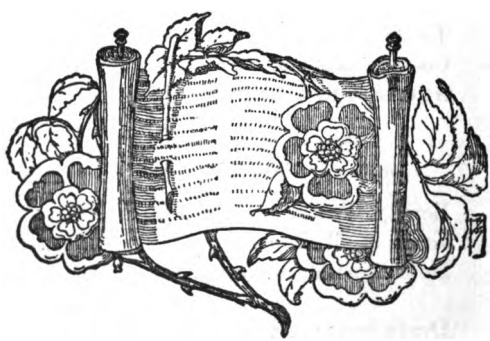
Truth may seem, but cannot be;
Beauty brag, but 'tis not she;
Truth and Beauty buried be.

To this urn let those repair
That are either true or fair;
For these dead birds sigh a prayer.



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Notes

VENUS AND ADONIS

1–2. Sarrazin (*Shaks. Lehrjahre*, p. 135) compares *3 Henry VI*, II. i. 21–22: —

> See how the morning opes her golden gates
> And takes her farewell of the glorious sun!

3. Rose-cheek'd Adonis. Malone cites Marlowe's use of this phrase in *Hero and Leander* (I. v. 93).

5. Sick-thoughted. Filled with sick thoughts, with special reference to love-sickness, as in v. 584. Precisely like in its formation is the compound, "holy-thoughted" (*L.*, 384).

9. Stain to all nymphs. Because he outshines them in beauty. The noun "stain" comes from the verb "to stain," which is itself only a shortened form of "distain."

11. with herself at strife. *I.e.*, by outdoing herself; cf. v. 291.

12. Nature threatens to shut up shop in case of the death of Adonis. Pooler compares vv. 953–954.

13. to alight thy steed. No other instance of this verb in transitive construction occurs in Shakespeare.

24. Being wasted. Merely "spent," or "consumed," not "squandered." Cf. v. 583.

25. sweating palm. Here merely a sign of youthful vigor. In the case of Adonis it certainly did not betoken an amorous disposition, which it was frequently taken to signify. Cf. note on v. 143.

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143. **Moist hand.** For the supposed significance of the moist palm, cf. *Othello*, III. iv. 36–43, and J. C. Bucknell, *Medical Knowledge of Shakespeare* (1860), p. 273.

149, 150. Cf. Constable's *Diana* (1592), 1st Decade, Sonn. ii.

105. **Not gross to sink.** The adjective was applied to liquids and to air in the sense of "dense," "thick." Cf. the sermon, "An Alarum from Heauen": "as palpable as the darkness of Ægypt, the which as *Moses* sayth, was so grosse, that it might bee felte" (*Sermons of Maister Henrie Smith*, London, 1593, p. 1144).

161–162. Lee — "According to the classical version of the tale in Ovid's *Metam.* (III. 407 *seq.*), Narcissus did not drown himself, but was turned into a flower. Marlowe's account of Narcissus in *Hero and Leander* (Sestiad I. 74–76), doubtless suggests Shakespeare's allusion: —

> [He] leapt into the water for a kiss
> Of his own shadow, and despising many,
> Died ere he could enjoy the love of any."

204. **but died unkind.** *Unkind* often has its older meaning of "unnatural," but countless instances occur of "unkinde" applied to an unrelenting maid. One will be found in Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamond* (v. 105).

205. **this.** Here adverbial = "thus."

215. **of a man's complexion.** The primary meaning of complexion is "temperament," "natural disposition," with reference to the "four humours" — blood, red bile, black bile, and phlegm — by which, it was supposed, a man's temperament was governed. In a derived sense "complexion" was also used meaning "shape," "ex-

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ternal appearance," as in *Merry Wives*, V. v. 9, and the present passage.

222. her sobs do her intendments break. Her intention (to speak) is frustrated by her sobs.

229. Fondling. Little fool, used endearingly. Wyndham and others print *fondling* as the participle *fondle*, but the earliest instance of the verb *fondle* cited in the *N.E.D.* is from Dryden, 1694. On the other hand, *fondling*, in the sense of a "fond" or foolish person, was in frequent use in the Elizabethan time. Cf. Daniel, *Complaint of Rosamond* (vv. 243–244): —

> Fie, Fondling, fie, thou wilt repent too late
> The error of thy youth.

263–270. Pooler compares the description of the horse in Marlowe's simile (*Hero and Leander*, 2d Sestiad, vv. 141–144).

275, 276. Cf. B. Googe's translation of the *Georgics* in his *Foure Bookes of Husbandry*, London, 1577, fol. 115: "his eyes great, bluddy and fiery, and standing out of his head, which is a signe of quicknes and liuelynes."

279. curvets and leaps. "The *coruetti* is a certaine continuall prauncynge and dancynge vppe and downe stil in one place, and sometime sydelynge to and fro, wherin the horse maketh as thoughe he woulde faine runne, and cannot be suffred" (Blundevill, *Arte of Ryding*, ed. 1575? Sig. M. ii).

295–298. These lines give in greatly condensed form the points of the good horse as they were set forth, originally by Greek and Roman authors, and later in the numerous books on horsemanship compiled in the sixteenth

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century. Professor M. H. Morgan has conveniently assembled the descriptions of the horse in classical literature in his *Art of Horsemanship*, Boston, 1893, pp. 107–117. For a discussion of the immediate sources of the present passage cf. my article, "Shakespeare and the Horse," in *The Library*, London, April, 1912. Shakespeare's most important literary source was Thomas Blundevill's *Fower Chiefyst Offices belongyng to Horsemanshippe*, London, 1565, 1570, and 1580. Only in Blundevill's treatise do we find "longe fewterlockes" and "thynne mane." Of course, these literary sources do not exclude the probability that Shakespeare was also familiar with the oral tradition among horsemen.

303. **To bid . . . a base.** *I.e.*, to challenge to pursuit; a term borrowed from the game of prisoners' base.

321. **jealous of catching.** That is, fearing to be caught. "Catching" is here a gerund used in a passive sense.

331–333. Sarrazin (*Shaks. Lehrjahre*, p. 138) compares *Titus Andronicus*, II. iv. 36–37: —

> Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,
> Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.

335. **the heart's attorney.** *I.e.*, the tongue.

336. **the client breaks.** The hopeless client (*i.e.*, the heart) goes into bankruptcy. For a similar play on the word *break*, cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, III. ii. 57.

359, 360. **dumb-play . . . chorus-like.** A reference to the Elizabethan Dumb-Show (cf. F. A. Foster, *Englische Studien*, 1911, pp. 8–17). The meaning of the pantomime was explained by the tears, which thus performed the function of a Chorus.

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367. **the engine of her thoughts.** That is, her tongue: Sarrazin (*Shaks. Lehrjahre*, p. 138) compares *Titus Andronicus*, III. i. 82–83: —

> O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,
> That blabb'd them with such pleasing eloquence.

399. **glutton eye.** The same phrase occurs in Constable's *Diana*, 1st Decade, Sonn. vi.

416. Cf. Constable's poem: —

> Tender are my years,
> I am yet a bud.

421. Cf. Constable's poem: —

> Thou wring'st me too hard;
> Prithee, let me go.

426. **they make no battery.** A military term; battery is an assault against an enemy's walls. By extension of meaning it signified in some cases (as here) a successful assault, a breach. Cf. *Pericles*, V. i. 47.

456. **Gusts.** Q_{1-4} read *Gust*, which has the advantage of avoiding the unpleasing sibilation of the plural form.

461. **the deadly bullet of a gun.** *Of* = "from," as very frequently in Shakespeare. The bullet from a gun gives warning in the discharge of the weapon before it strikes.

478. **the hurt that his unkindness marr'd.** Rather, the hurt that his unkindness *caused*. A similar confusion, in which the thought turns from the object of the action to its effect, occurs in *Comedy of Errors*, II. i. 96: "What ruins are in me that can be found By him not ruin'd?"

508–510. "To drive infection from the year which threatens a pestilence, so that the astrologers, after having

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predicted a plague, shall say it was averted through thy influence." The plague raged in London from August, 1592, to the close of 1593, but its visitations were so frequent in Elizabethan London that it is unsafe to find a chronological clue in Shakespeare's figure.

524. **Measure my strangeness with my unripe years.** Consider my diffidence as proportional to my youth.

583. **waste.** Cf. v. 24 and note.

589–591. Cf. Constable's poem: —

> At the name of boar,
> Venus seemed dying,
> Deadly-coloured pale
> Roses overcast.

597. It is possible to take this line in two senses: (1) "All [which] is imaginary she doth prove," *i.e.*, she gains all that she can by imagination alone; (2) "All is imaginary [which] she doth prove." On the whole the former seems the better interpretation: cf. v. 608. On the omission of the relative pronoun, see Abbott, *Shakesperean Grammar*, § 244.

602. **Surfeit . . . and pine.** Cf. *Sonnet* 75. 13: "Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day."

619–621. Malone compares the description of the Thessalian boar in Golding's translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* (VIII, 376–380): —

> His eies did glister blud and fire: right dreadfull was to see
> His brawned necke, right dredfull was his heare which grew as thicke
> With pricking points as one of them could well by other sticke,
> And like a front of armed Pikes set close in battell ray
> The sturdie bristles on his back stoode staring up alway.

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639. within his danger. Within his power. Cf. *Merchant of Venice*, IV. i. 180.

674, 676. Cf. Constable's poem: —

> Course the fearful hare,
> Venison do not spare.

683. the many musets. Cf. Gervase Markham, *The Gentleman's Academie* (1595): "We terme . . . the places through the which she [*sc.* the hare] goeth to releefe, her muset" (p. 32).

694. the cold fault. "Fault" was a regular term in venery for a defect in the scent. A "cold fault," that is, one where the scent had become cold, was of course the most difficult for the hounds. Cf. *Taming of the Shrew*, Ind. i. 19–20.

695–696. Pooler calls attention to the strikingly similar figure in *Titus Andronicus*, II. iii. 17–19.

697. poor Wat. "Wat" (diminutive of Walter) was a common term for the hare.

710. Cf. Golding's translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, IV. 459–460.

712. thou hear'st me moralize. That is, draw lessons from the habits of the animals she has been describing. In the medieval *Bestiary* the account of each animal was followed thus by a formal "moral." Cf. *Lucrece*, 104.

729–730. In Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamond*, vv. 150, 151, there is a somewhat similar counterfeiting figure: —

> Impietie of times, chastities abator
> . . . . . .
> Treason to counterfeit the seale of Nature,
> The stampe of heauen, impressed by the highest.

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733–738. The idea here expressed of Cynthia bribing the Destinies presents a slight resemblance to that of Mercury bribing the Fates to overturn Jove in *Hero and Leander*, I. v. 441 ff.

769. **you will fall again.** Not futurity, but volition: you are determined to fall.

774. **your treatise.** Used of discourse as well as of written composition. Cf. *Much Ado*, I. i. 317.

787. **reprove.** To disprove. Cf. *Much Ado*, II. iii. 239: "They say the lady is fair; 'tis a truth, I can bear them witness; and virtuous; 'tis so, I cannot reprove it."

797–798. Sarrazin (*Shaks. Lehrjahre*, p. 137) compares *2 Henry VI*, III. i. 89–90: —

> Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,
> And caterpillars eat my leaves away.

804. Cf. Greene's *Perymedes the Black-Smith* (1588): "That lust had lies, but love, quoth he, sayes truth" (*Works*, Huth ed., VII, p. 92).

807. **in sadness.** *I.e.*, in all seriousness. Cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, I. i. 205, where there is a play on the two meanings of the word.

808. Sarrazin (*Shaks. Lehrjahre*, p. 137) compares *2 Henry VI*, II. iii. 17.

829–840, also 847–852. Compare *Scillaes Metamorphosis*, Stanzas cxvi–cxviii, in which Scilla, lamenting after her repulse by Glaucus, is mocked by Echo.

837–838. The sentiment in this ditty fits neither the situation (in which Adonis has just succeeded in repulsing love) nor the character of the goddess of Love. One suspects that it may be an echo of some lyric of the time.

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877. **at a bay.** "A term of venery for the action of hounds baying in a circle round the exhausted stag or boar" (Wyndham, p. 220).

888. **strain courtesy.** This expression was used by Elizabethan writers in two directly opposed senses: (1) to put a strain upon courtesy by ignoring its usages; (2) to stretch courtesy to the utmost by excessive politeness. The present passage clearly belongs to this second class: each dog makes it a matter of courtesy that the other shall attack the boar first.

932. **divorce of love.** Here "divorce" is used to signify the one causing it, the divorcer. This is one of the numerous phrases noted by Schmidt in which the abstract is employed for the concrete. Cf. *Timon of Athens*, IV. iii. 382.

985, 986. **O hard-believing love . . . and yet too credulous.** Cf. Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, 2d Sestiad, vv. 221–222.

1046, 1047. It was the belief among the classical nations that earthquakes were caused by currents of air confined in subterranean chambers. This is the explanation given by Aristotle (*Meteorolog.*, Lib. II, cap. 8) and Pliny (*H. Nat.*, Lib. II, cap. 79) as well as by Isidore of Seville (*De Natura Rerum*, cap. 36: *De Ventis*). This was still the universally accepted opinion in Elizabethan England. Cf. *The Faerie Queene*, III. ix. 15. The passage in *Venus and Adonis*, as Sir S. Lee points out, appears to reflect directly Marlowe's phrase in *Tamburlaine*, Part I: —

> Even as when windy exhalations fighting for passage
> Tilt within the earth — (I. ii. 51, 52).

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1064. **dazzling makes the wound seem three.** Sarrazin compares *2 Henry VI*, II. i. 25.

1109–1116. This conceit, that the boar killed Adonis inadvertently when he meant only to kiss him, occurs, as Malone notes, in the 30th Idyll of Theocritus. Shakespeare may have known it, either through Minturno's Latin epigram, *De Adone ab Apro interempto*, the text of which is printed by Malone (*Shaks. Works*, ed. 1821, XX, 78), or through the English metrical version of this Theocritan idyll (wrongly cited as the "Thirty-first") which was included in the *Six Idillia*, printed at Oxford in 1588, and reprinted by A. H. Bullen in 1903 (*Some Longer English Poems*, pp. 123–146).

1115. **nuzzling.** Qq *nousling*, which is also the spelling in Spenser's *Colin Clout's Come Home Again*, v. 763.

1168. **A purple ower.** Probably the anemone. Cf. H. N. Ellacombe, *Plant Lore and Garden Craft of Shakespeare*, 1878, pp. 10–12.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE

23–26. Malone quotes Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamond* (1592), vv. 246–250: —

> Thou must not thinke thy flower can alwayes flourish,
> And that thy beauty will be still admired;
> But that those raies which all three flames doe nourish,
> Cancell'd with Time, will have their date expired,
> And men will scorne what now is so desired.

26. Cf. the recurrence of *date* and *cancelled* in vv. 934, 935 and 1729.

27, 28. Cf. *The Complaint of Rosamond* (vv. 99–102).

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29, 30. **Beauty itself . . . orator.** The thought of these lines is repeated a little later in v. 268. As Malone has pointed out, Shakespeare here echoes a passage in Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamond* (vv. 127–130): —

> Ah beauty Syren, faire enchanting good,
> Sweet silent Rhetorique of perswading eyes:
> Dombe Eloquence, whose powre doth moue the bloud,
> More then the words or wisdome of the wise.

37. **Suggested this proud issue of a King.** As the direct object of this verb Elizabethan writers place the *person* as well as the *thing*. Cf. *Richard II*, III. iv. 75.

44. **all too timeless.** All too untimely.

58. **From Venus' doves, doth challenge.** The punctuation in the text is Wyndham's. Q_1 has a comma after *intituled*, and none after *doves*. *From* is here "on account of."

82, 83. **that praise . . . answers.** "That praise (of Lucrece) which is due from Collatine, bewitched Tarquin makes up or pays." — Lee.

83. **with surmise.** A particularly happy word which suggests the amazed and bewildered state of Tarquin's mind, and so leads directly to the following line. Cf. the similar use of the word in *Macbeth*, I. iii. 141.

104. **Nor could she moralize,** etc. Nor could she interpret his gaze: cf. note on *V A.* 712.

120–122. Ewig notes that these lines agree with Livy: "cum post cœnam in hospitale cubiculum deductus esset."

188. The meaning of the line has caused much difficulty. Nearly all modern editors hyphenate *still-slaughtered*. *Slaughtered* is an adjective, not the past participle, and

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means full of slaughter, addicted to slaughter; *still* means ever. *Naked armour* means defenseless, useless armor. The line may then be paraphrased: he despises the poor defense which ever-slaughterous lust can offer for its existence.

206. In John Guillim's *Display of Heraldrie* (1st ed. 1610, p. 32) is a representation in color of the "Abatement" devised by the heralds for the escutcheon of him "that discourteously intreateth either Maid or Widow against their will." His offense was proclaimed by an "Eschocheon reuersed," stained in "Sanguine" over the middle of his coat-of-arms.

221. his marriage. Abstract for concrete: his wife.

265, 266. Cf. note on *VA.* 161–162.

324. Construes. The Quarto spelling *consters* indicates the Elizabethan pronunciation.

327. Stop the hourly dial. That is, punctuate it, mark it off, and so divide the hour into minutes.

328. Who . . . doth. The antecedent of *who* is *bars; doth* is often used with a plural subject in Shakespeare.

341. So from himself impiety hath wrought. The preposition has here the active sense, "away from." But Pooler's explanation of the line — "His sin has made him so unlike himself" — obliges us to supply an object *him* for the verb. This difficulty is avoided if we regard *impiety* as an instance of the abstract for the concrete, similar to the use of "cruelty" for "the cruel one" (*Twelfth Night*, I. v. 307; II. iv. 83) or "blasphemy" for "the blasphemer" (*Tempest*, V. 218). The meaning of the line would then be: "So unlike himself the impious one (*i.e.* Tarquin) has wrought."

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408. maiden worlds. Furnivall: "Shakespeare used 'maiden' here as we do of a castle, which admits its own lord but not a foe." This explanation is borne out by the reference a little later (v. 482) to the "never-conquered fort."

437–439. Livy's phrase is closest to Shakespeare's: "Sinistraque manu mulieris pectore oppresso."

449, 450. These lines, as Ewig notes, are directly suggested by Livy: "Cum pavida ex somno mulier nullam opem, prope mortem imminentem videret. . . ."

459. Quick-shifting antics. These may be either pageants of a grotesque sort, or the actors who take part in such scenes. As used here the word seems to mean "grotesque images."

472. Lee compares Constable's *Diana* (1592), 2d Decade, Sonn. iii: "and whiter skinne with white sheete couered."

477–479. Lee again compares Constable's *Diana* (1592), 1st Decade, Sonn. ix.

491–504. Rosamond likewise emphasizes the deliberateness of her sin (vv. 428–434).

536. Wyndham quotes from Guillim's *Display of Heraldrie* (1610) a passage in which the baston is stated to be "the proper and most usuall note of illegitimation . . . which Marke (as some doe hold) neither they nor their children shall ever remove or lay aside."

537. the slavish wipe. Malone explained this as "the brand with which slaves were marked."

549, 550. On the belief in Shakespeare's time concerning currents of air in subterranean chambers, cf. note on *VA.* 1046, 1047.

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653. **falls into.** That is, "empties into." The figure is that of a river emptying into the sea.

722–728. The figure here used, of Tarquin's soul as a queen whose palace has been besieged and sacked, finds a close parallel in vv. 1170–1173, where Lucrece speaks of her soul in similar terms. There is, however, this important difference: the battering down of the palace walls is due, in one case to a civil insurrection, in the other case to a foreign enemy.

912. "A thousand obstacles keep them out of reach of aid from thee."

939–959. Lee (Introd. p. 17) calls attention to similar rhetorical passages in Watson's *Centurie of Love* (1582), Sonnets xlvii and lxxvii, and in Giles Fletcher's *Licia* (1593), Sonn. xxviii. The resemblances to the latter are especially direct.

956. **To tame the unicorn.** This was supposed to be impossible. Cf. *Batman vppon Bartholome* (1582), Lib. XVIII, cap. 90.

962. **retiring.** That is, as Malone noted, "returning." Cf. the noun *retire* in line 573.

993. **his unrecalling crime.** Gerundive construction: his crime not to be recalled.

1013. **sightless night.** Not "invisible night," as Pooler takes it, but night in which there is no sight; cf. *lightless hell*, v. 1555.

1054. **A badge.** "The badge was the device, crest, or arms of the master, on a separate piece of cloth, or silver, worn in the form of a shield on the left sleeve." — WYNDHAM.

1070. **with my trespass never will dispense.** Here (as in vv. 1279 and 1704) *dispense with* is used in the eccle-

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siastical sense: "grant a dispensation to," that is, pardon or condone. Cf. *Measure for Measure*, III. i. 135.

1073. **cleanly coin'd.** "Cleverly coined." Cf. Thos. Nash, *Christs Teares over Jerusalem*, ed. 1593, fol. 90b: "in trueth they are nought els but cleanly coyned lyes, which some pleasant sportiue wittes have deuised."

1079. **Philomel.** See below, note on v. 1128.

1079–1083. Cf. Marlowe, *Hero and Leander* (2d Sestiad, vv. 327–334): —

> By this . . .
> . . . he [Hesperus] the bright Day-bearing car prepar'd,
> And ran before, as harbinger of light,
> And with his flaring beams mock'd ugly Night,
> Till she, o'ercome with anguish, shame, and rage,
> Dang'd down to hell her loathsome carriage.

1092. **nought to do what's done.** Note the omission of the preposition *with* after the verb.

1128. **Philomel, that sing'st of ravishment.** The reference is to the classical story of Philomela, who was ravished by Tereus and was afterward turned into a nightingale. Ovid tells the story in Lib. VI of his *Metamorphoses*, and Chaucer borrows it from this source in the *Legend of Good Women*. Shakespeare makes repeated use of this Ovidian tale in *Titus Andronicus*.

1133. **burden-wise.** The "burden" is usually the refrain of a song, but here it is identical with the "bourdon" (as it was formerly and more correctly spelled), that is, the bass vocal accompaniment of the melody. Cf. Prol. of *Canterbury Tales*, v. 673: "This somnour bar to hym a stif burdoun."

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1134. **descants.** Note the occurrence of the third person of the verb instead of "descantest," the proper second person. The term "descant" is defined in Thomas Morley's *Plaine and Easie Introduction to Practicall Musicke*, Lond. 1597, p. 70: "The name of Descant is vsurped of the musitions in diuers significations: some time they take it for the whole harmony of many voyces: others sometime for one of the voyces or partes: & that is, when the whole song is not passing three voyces. Last of all, they take it for singing a part extempore vpon a playne song, in which sence commonly vse it." Cf. also his further remarks in his Annotations (Sig. * 2, p. 6).

1155. **and death reproach's debtor.** Malone's explanation is: "her death being a *debt* which she *owes* to the *reproach* of her conscience." Pooler suggests: "Perhaps . . . death is personified and represented as being bound to slay Lucrece in satisfaction of the claims of reproach." Both explanations overlook the fact that in this line we have a continuance of the alternative clearly stated in 1154. As the first part of the line gives the motive for suicide, the last part gives the reason for *not* taking her own life; namely, that her death would be debtor to reproach. That is, she fears that her death might become an occasion of reproach.

1167–1169. **peel'd.** The quartos in both instances read *pild*, which is the older spelling of the word. Cf. "pilled" in the Authorized version of the Bible, *Genesis*, xxx. 38.

1170–1173. See above, note on vv. 722–728.

1205. **ouersee this will.** According to earlier usage, the testator appointed an "overseer" to supervise or assist the executor.

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1235, 1236. takes in hand No cause. That is, entertains no cause or motive.

1257. hild. Held. This form occurs nowhere else in Shakespeare, though one finds it in other sixteenth-century writers, and it still survives in dialect use. Cf. *Eng. Dial. Dict.*; cf. also Golding's translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, IV, 427.

1258, 1259. Let it not be held a fault in women that they are filled to overflowing with men's abuse.

1261–1267. This brief recital of Lucrece's case from her own point of view is in distinct contradiction with vv. 677–683, according to which Lucrece did not swoon. Shakespeare may be influenced by Chaucer (*Legend of Good Women*, 1814–1818), as Ewig suggests; no other authority for Lucrece's swooning is known.

1279. with the fault I thus far can dispense. "I can excuse my fault to this extent." Cf. v. 1070 and note.

1366–1491. This description of the painting of Troy is directly modeled upon Vergil's account of a similar painting in the palace of Dido (*Æneid*, I, 456–493).

1440. than. This spelling of "then," here required by the rhyme, is found twice in the first Folio: *Merchant of Venice*, II. ii. 200; *3 Henry VI*, II. v. 9. In Anglo-Saxon and Middle English the word was regularly spelled with an *a* but by Shakespeare's time "than" was distinctly archaic.

1444. steel'd. Q reads *steld*, but in a few copies *stelled*. This word has made much trouble for commentators, here and in *Sonnet* 24. 1, and *K. Lear*, III. vii. 64. Wyndham explains it as "steel'd" in the sense of "engraved" — though in the present passage this would twist the rhyme. W. J. Craig, discussing the occurrence of *stell'd*

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in *K. Lear*, derives it from Middle English *stellen*, "to place, fix firmly, install," though he is unable to find an instance of this word in Elizabethan writers. In Scotland the word continued in use to an even later time. Cf. Jamieson's *Scottish Dict.* under "Stell, Steil, Stile."

1450. **Anatomized.** Analyzed; cf. *As You Like It*, I. i. 165; *All's Well*, IV. iii. 37.

1500–1533. The portrait of the treacherous Sinon is based directly upon the account of him given by Vergil (*Æneid*, II, 57–161).

1544–1555. **armed to begild With outward honesty.** Prepared to present an honest exterior. Qq read *beguild*, but the spelling *guild* for *gild* is found in Elizabethan English. Malone emended to *armed; so beguiled*, etc.; and Pooler suggests *armed so, beguil'd;* but both readings demand awkward interpretations for *armed* and *beguil'd*.

1574. There is a quibble on two meanings of *heavy*, distressing and sleepy.

1592. **Sod in tears.** "Sod" (sodden) is the past participle of "seethe." Though this figure impresses us as extravagant, we still say, "steeped in tears."

1597. Here Shakespeare agrees with Livy in making the inquiry as to the cause of Lucrece's distress come from Collatine.

1619. **in the interest of thy bed.** Perhaps, to the injury of thy bed, *interest* being used in the legal sense expressed by the medieval Latin phrase, *damna et interesse*, indemnity due for damage. But it may be merely, in the hope of sharing.

1619, 1620. Ewig compares Livy's phrase: "vestigia viri alieni in lecto sunt tuo."

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1650. **His scarlet lust.** Cf. Constable's *Diana* (4th Decade, Sonn. vi): "Your lippes (in scarlet clad) my Judges be."

1660. **The hopeless merchant of this loss.** A poetic inversion: "the merchant hopeless with respect to this loss."

1672. **make a saw.** Grief is here compared to a saw which, being pushed back and forth, continually lacerates the heart anew. Pooler quotes an apt parallel from Nicholas Breton: —

> Since cruel care, not like a carving knife,
> But like a Sawe, still hackling to and froe
> Thus gnawes my heart, with gripes of weary woe.

1680. **To drown one woe.** The reading of Q_{1-2}, *on woe*, may be defended. "On" was formerly used to indicate the medium of action, now expressed by "with"; cf. *N.E.D.*, definition 25.

1709–1710. Ewig compares with Livy: "consolantur ægram animi . . . mentem peccare, non corpus."

1714, 1715. Cf. Livy: "Ego me, etsi peccato absolvo, supplicio non libero; nec ulla deinde impudica exemplo Lucretiae vivet."

1774. **Key-cold.** Cf. a passage in the sermon, "A Caveat for Christians": "as though wee were sent poast to hell, from hot to luke-warme, from luke-warme to key-cold, from key-cold to starke dead" (*Sermons of Maister Henrie Smith*, Lond., 1593, p. 1091). Cf. *Richard III*, I. ii. 5.

1797. **My sorrow's interest.** Interest is here used in the special sense of the right or title to a share in something.

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1805–1806. The point of this far-fetched conceit is not wholly clear. We may have another allusion to mocking Echo as in *V A.* vv. 829–840. Or the thought may be that the air having received the spirit of Lucrece now answers on her behalf.

1811–1813. These lines and the phrase *supposed a fool* (v. 1819) which represent Brutus as a court fool are pointed out by Lee as evidence that Shakespeare made use of Bandello's version. But Livy's text gives sufficient authority for this description of Brutus: "Ergo ex industria factus ad imitationem stultitiae. . . . Is tum ab Tarquiniis ductus Delphos, ludibrium verius quam comes" . . .

1832–1834. Omitting v. 1833, we may paraphrase: "That they will permit these abominations (to be) chased forth from her fair streets by force of our arms."

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM

I. 8. **Outfacing.** The subject is probably not *tongue*, but *I*. The ambiguity of this construction has been removed by the substitution in *Sonnet* 138 of an entirely new line:

On both sides thus is simple truth suppress'd.

9. *I.e.*, Why does she pretend that she is a novice? Cf. *Sonnet* 138.

11. **habit.** Not used here in the sense of garb — which, applied to the tongue, would be a highly grotesque figure — but rather demeanor.

12. **told.** Not "divulged," but "counted."

III. 29–31. **heavenly rhetoric . . . Persuade.** Cf.

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Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamond*, v. 128. "Sweet, silent Rhetorique of perswading eyes."

42. **break.** "Lose," in the version in *Love's Labour's Lost*, affords a better antithesis to *win*.

IV. 44. **green.** Unripe. Adonis uses the term of himself in *Venus and Adonis*, 806.

51. **want conceit.** Lack understanding (of her meaning).

52. **figured.** Not directly expressed in words, but by gesture.

V. 67. In *Love's Labour's Lost*, IV. ii. 109–122, this sonnet is addressed to Rosaline by Biron, but this line is hardly appropriate to a woman.

69. **do not love that wrong.** *Love's Labour's Lost:* "pardon, love, this wrong," which gives a smoother reading and points to interpreting *love* as a vocative in both versions. As punctuated in the text, the meaning is, do not desire to do that wrong.

VI. 71–84. The incident of Adonis bathing in the brook, which forms the subject of this sonnet, does not occur in Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*. Spenser barely mentions the bathing of Adonis (*Faerie Queene*, III. i, stanza 36): —

> Where him to sleepe she gently would perswade,
> Or bathe him in a fountaine by some covert glade.

Still the situation is not the same, for Venus herself bathes Adonis, instead of lying in wait to surprise him. The situation in the sonnet is one which plainly has been transferred to the Adonis story from Ovid's *Salmacis and Hermaphroditus*. Considerable support is given to the

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view that this is a Shakespearean sonnet by the lines in *Taming of the Shrew* (Ind. ii, 51–53):—

> Dost thou love pictures? We will fetch thee straight
> Adonis painted by a running brook,
> And Cytherea all in sedges hid.

That the incident is not introduced in *Venus and Adonis* offers no difficulty, since Shakespeare may have discarded it deliberately because it did not fit his narrative.

V. 83. **Whereas.** Just where.

VII. 87. **brittle.** Perhaps as written this was not a defective rhyme. Pooler refers to Spenser's spelling "brickle" (*Faerie Queene*, IV. x, 39).

100. **fell a-turning.** Cf. v. 214.

VIII. 103–116. This sonnet is identical with one printed in 1598 in Richard Barnfield's *Poems: in divers humors*, where it was addressed by the poet "To his friend Maister R. L. in praise of Musique and Poetrie."

105. **thee and me.** *I.e.*, between the author, Barnfield, and R(ichard) L(inche), to whom this sonnet was addressed. Linche himself was author of the *Diella* sonnets, published in 1596 (reprinted in *Elizabethan Sonnets*, II, in *An English Garner*, Westminster, 1904).

107. **Dowland.** The reference is to the musical composer, John Dowland, whose *First Booke of Songes or Ayres of Four-Partes* was first published in 1597.

116. **One knight.** The allusion is supposed to be to Sir George Carey, who was the friend of both Dowland and Spenser.

X. 131. **faded.** Here, and also in vv. 132, 174, and 176, the edition of 1599 reads "vaded." Similarly at v. 170

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we find "vadeth." The forms *fade* and *vade* are distinct, not only in spelling but in origin. The latter (< Lat. *vadere*) means, "to depart," "to disappear," and is therefore a stronger word than *fade*, "to lose color." *Vade* occurs fairly frequently in the sixteenth century in both prose and verse. Spenser recognized the distinction between the two words by rhyming them together in the *Ruins of Rome* (vv. 279–280):—

> Her power disperst, through all the world did vade;
> To shew that all in th' end to nought shall fade.

Shakespeare nowhere uses *vade* — except once in *Richard II* (I. ii. 20), if we may trust the spelling of the Folio in this case. The fondness for this word in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, X and XIII, is one of the clearest evidences that these two pieces are the work of the same author.

XI. 143–156. A comparison of the text of this sonnet as it stands in *The Passionate Pilgrim* with that in B. Griffin's *Fidessa* (1596) (reprinted in *Elizabethan Sonnets*, II, *An English Garner*, Westminster, 1904) discloses noteworthy differences, thus making it probable that here also Jaggard made use of a MS. copy.

143. young. Not found in 1599 edition; supplied from 1596 text.

151–154. In these lines the 1596 text presents a wholly different reading:—

> But he a wayward boy refusde her offer,
> And ran away, the beautious Queene neglecting:
> Showing both folly to abuse her proffer,
> And all his sex of cowardise detecting.

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XII. 157–168. These lines form the first two stanzas of a lyric of more than a hundred lines, which was printed under the heading, "A Maiden's Choice 'twixt Age and Youth," in Thomas Deloney's *Garland of Good-Will*, 1604.[1] Though no earlier edition of Deloney's collection has survived, it must have been issued a decade before 1604, for Thomas Nashe made express reference to it in 1595 in his *Have with you to Saffron-Walden*.[2] In the few variants between the text of 1604 and that of 1599 the latter gives distinctly the better readings.

XIII. 169–180. These two stanzas were also printed "from a corrected MS." under the title "Beauty's Value," in the *Gentleman's Magazine* (1750), XX. 521; and again, with slight changes, in the same magazine, XXX. 39. The readings of this manuscript, however, are not entitled to consideration.

XIV. 194. charge the watch. Impose the vigil (upon my eyes). Pooler proposes to emend so as to read: "My heart doth charge them watch the morning rise." This compels us to regard *heart* and not *morning rise* as the subject of *Doth cite*.

207. a moon. The edition of 1599 reads *an houre*. The change was adopted by Malone for the sake of the rhyme.

XV. 211–226. This brief ballad has for its theme the old medieval rivalry which found expression in more than one *Disputatio inter militem et clericum*. For the literary treatment of the theme see W. A. Neilson's *Origins and Sources of the Court of Love* (Harv. Stud. and

[1] Percy Soc. reprint, Vol. XXX, p. 107.

[2] *Works*, Ed. R. B. McKerrow, III, 84. Oxford, 1904–1908.

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Notes, VI. Boston, 1900). In making the clerk the victor in the contest for the lady this piece follows the usual tradition.

212. **master.** Here, and in v. 216, used in the special sense of "teacher." Cf. the phrase "learned man" in v. 225.

XVI. 227–244. Cf. the other text of this piece, *Love's Labour's Lost*, IV. iii. 101–120, where it is introduced as the ode written by Dumain in praise of Katherine. This piece was republished in 1600 in *England's Helicon* (ed. Bullen, p. 74).

The only difference of importance between Jaggard's text of this piece and that in *Love's Labour's Lost* is the omission here of two lines — necessary to the sense — which belong between v. 240 and v. 241:—

> Do not call it sin in me
> That I am forsworn for thee.

XVII. 245–298. First published in 1597 in a collection of madrigals by Thomas Weelkes;[1] reprinted in 1600, under the heading, "The Unknown Shepherd's Complaint" in *England's Helicon*. Moreover, a contemporary transcript of this poem, without author's name, is preserved in Harl. MS. 6910, fol. 156 *b*. The readings in this MS. vary notably from the printed texts, and are usually to be preferred.

253. **quite.** Harl. MS.: "cleane."

254. **lady's love is.** Harl. MS.: "layes of Love are."

255. Harl. MS.: "Where my joyes were firmly linkt by love."

[1] See Sidney Lee's *Introduction*, p. 32.

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256. **a nay is.** Harl. MS.: "annoyes are."

262. **men remain.** Weelkes: "many men to be."

275. **With.** Harl. MS.: "My."

276. **Procures.** Harl. MS.: "doth cause him."

277. **In howling wise.** Weelkes and Harl. MS.: "With howling noyse." **see my doleful.** Harl. MS.: "wayle my woeful."

279. **heartless ground.** Weelkes: "harcklesse ground"; Harl. MS.: "Arcadia grounds."

283–284. Weelkes: "Lowde bells ring not cherefully."

287. Weelkes: "Nimphes backcreping"; Harl. MS.: "nymphs looke peeping."

291. **sport from us is fled.** Harl. MS.: "sportes from greenes are fled."

293. **lass.** So Weelkes. *Passionate Pilgrim:* "love." Harl. MS. lacks vv. 293–298.

298. **I see that there is none.** Weelkes: "I know ther's none."

XVIII. 299–352. Jaggard's text of this piece is particularly bad. Fortunately we can correct it by a copy in a contemporary MS. (written, according to Halliwell, about 1595), which has been printed in facsimile by J. O. Halliwell (*Works of Wm. Shakespeare . . .*, Vol. XVI, London, 1865, to face p. 467). The MS. copy not only affords us superior readings in many lines, but also arranges the stanzas in better order. The sequence of the stanzas according to this MS. copy is as follows: 1, 2, 5, 6, 3, 4, 8, 7, 9.

The similar tone of the advice here given to the wooer (why does Sidney Lee term it "ironical advice"?) to that found in Canto xlvii of *Willobie his Avisa*, 1594 (re-

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printed by Dr. Grosart in 1880), has suggested that there is some connection between the two poems. The resemblance is adequately accounted for, however, by the manifest dependence, in both, upon Ovid.

302. **like.** So MS.; ed. 1599: "might."

304. **vnwed.** MS.: "unwayde" (*i.e.* untested).

310. So MS.; ed. 1599: "And set her person forth to sale."

312. **calm.** MS.: "cleare."

313. MS.: "And she perhappes will sone repent."

314. **thus.** MS.: "she."

316. **That which with.** MS.: "That with suche."

318. **ban.** MS.: "chide."

320. **When.** MS.: "And."

322. **had it.** MS.: "got it."

325. MS.: "Wher thy expences may sounde thy prayse."

326. **in thy lady's.** MS.: "allwayes in her."

328. **beats it.** MS.: "hathe beat."

332. **Press . . . to choose.** MS.: "seeke . . . to change."

333. **be thou.** MS.: "then be."

335. **women work.** MS.: "in them lurkes."

337. **that in them lurk.** MS.: "and meanes to woorke."

341. **seek to strive.** ed. 1599: "still to strive"; MS.: "love to matche."

342. MS.: "and not to live soe like a sainte."

343–4. So MS.; ed. 1599: "There is no heaven (by holy then) When time with age shall them attaint."

347. **But soft.** MS.: "Nowe hoe (= whoa!)."

348. **Lest that my mistress.** MS.: "for if my ladye."

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XIX. 353–372. This was the first published text of Marlowe's well-known lyric. One year later it appeared in *England's Helicon* with two additional stanzas (standing respectively after the third and fourth in *The Passionate Pilgrim*) under the title, "The Passionate Shepherd to his Love," and subscribed, "Chr. Marlow." The stanza, "Love's Answer," is a mere fragment. In *England's Helicon* five more stanzas are added, and the verses are headed: "The Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd." For the tradition that the Reply "was made by Sir Walter Raleigh, in his younger days," we are indebted to Izaak Walton (*Compleat Angler*, ed. 1653, chap. ii), but his statement appears to be confirmed by the initials "S. W. R." which stand at the end of the poem in *England's Helicon* — though in most copies these initials have been intentionally concealed by a slip of paper pasted over them.

359–362. Sir Hugh Evans sings these lines (with a Welsh accent) in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, III. i. 17–20.

XX. 373–430. This is another of Richard Barnfield's *Poems: in divers humors* (1598). As in the case of VIII, the text in *The Passionate Pilgrim* is identical with that of the earlier print, thus leaving no doubt that Jaggard made direct use of the printed copy. The following year a portion of this poem made its appearance in *England's Helicon*. Here, however, the last thirty lines are lacking, and the text concludes with the couplet in brackets (vv. 399–400) — two lines which do not occur in either of the other versions.

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THE PHŒNIX AND THE TURTLE

1. It is not certain what bird is intended.

2. Cf. the words of Sebastian (*Tempest*, III. iii. 21–24):

> Now I will believe
> . . . . . that in Arabia
> There is one tree, the phœnix' throne, one phœnix
> At this hour reigning there.

5. **shrieking harbinger.** Cf. Holland's *Pliny*, X. xii: "The Scritch-owle betokeneth alwaies some heavie newes, and is most execrable and accursed and namely, in the presages of publicke affaires." Cf. also the lines from Ovid (*Meta.* V, 549–550) quoted in the text of *Love's Martyr* (Grosart's ed., p. 121): Fœdaque sic volucris ventura nuntii luctus Ignavus Bubo, dirum mortalibus omen.

7. **the fever's end.** *I.e.*, the death of the patient.

15. **death-divining swan.** Cf. Holland's *Pliny*, X. xxiii: "Some say that the Swans sing lamentably a little before their death, but untruly, I suppose."

16. **his right.** Probably "its rite" or "its due" is to be understood.

18–19. Cf. Holland's *Pliny*, X. xii: "Ravens for the most part lay five egges: and the common sort are of opinion, that they conceive and engender at the bill, or lay their egges by it. . . . *Aristotle* denieth this and saith, that the Ravens conceive by the mouth, no more than the Ægyptian Ibis."

27. **distincts.** The only example of this word in substantive construction: "separate persons."

37. **Property.** Personal identity.

55. **cinders.** In the etymological sense, "ashes."

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Textual Variants

The text in the present edition is based upon the first Quartos of *Venus and Adonis* and of *Lucrece*, and upon the 1599 edition (here indicated by Q) of *The Passionate Pilgrim*, and the following list records the more important variations from those versions.

VA. 181. spright] sprite Q.
185. Souring] So wring Q.
187. unkind] vnkinde Q; unkinn'd Wyndham.
366. Show'd] Showed Q.
498. died] dy'de Q.
546. glued] glewed Q.
749. thaw'd] thawed Q.
873. twine] twin'd Q.
1031. as] Q_3; are Q_{1-2}.
1054. was] had Q.
1080. died] di'de Q.

L. 4. Collatia] Neilson; Colatium Q.
8. Haply . . . unhappily] Hap'ly . . . unhap'ly Q.
23. decay'd] Q_3; decayed Q_{1-4}.
50. Collatia] Neilson; Colatium Bodleian Q_1; Colatia *all other early* Qq.
57, 58. intituled From Venus' doves,] Wyndham; intituled, From Venus' doves Q.
65. Argu'd] Argued Q.
361. espi'd] espied Q.
398. canopi'd] canopied Q.
538. descri'd] descried Q.

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782. musty] Q_{1-2}; mystic Q_3.
917. stay'd] staied Q.
1167, 1169. peel'd] Lintott; pild Q.
1444. steel'd] Wyndham (*after* Malone); steld Q.
1544. armed to begild] Wyndham; armed to beguild Q; armed; so beguiled Malone; armed so beguild Gildon.
1680. one woe] Q_3; on woe Q_{1-2}.
1803. ow'd] owed Q.

PP. 1–14. *For variants cf. Sonnet* 138.
15–28. *For variants cf. Sonnet* 144.
29–42. *For variants cf. Love's Labour's Lost*, IV. iii. 60–73.
47. ear] Malone; eares edd. 1599, 1612.
57–70. *For variants cf. Love's Labour's Lost*, IV. ii. 109–122.
94. thereof] ed. 1612; whereof Q (1599).
146. so fell she] Griffin; she fell Q.
179. once's] Clark and Wright; once Q.
207. a moon] Stevens *conj.*; an houre Q.
238. thorn] *England's Helicon*; throne Q.
287. back] *England's Helicon*; blacke Q.
293. lass] *Weelkes's Madrigals*; love Q.
295. moan] *England's Helicon*; woe Q.
302. fancy, partial like] Early MS.; fancy (party all might) Q; fancy, partial wight Capell MS.
343, 344. MS. quoted by Malone; There is no heaven by holy then, When time with age shall them attain Q.
349. wring my ear] round me on th' are Q; ring mine ear Malone; wring mine ear Boswell *conj.*

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Glossary

accessary, an accomplice; *L.*, 922: participant, *L.*, 1658.
adjunct, consequent, necessarily connected, cf. *King John*, III. iii. 57; *L.*, 133.
adulterate, adulterous; *L.*, 1645.
advised, deliberate; *L.*, 1849.
advisedly, attentively; *VA.*, 457, *L.*, 1527: with deliberate purpose, carefully, *L.*, 180, 1816.
allow, approve; *L.*, 1485.
anatomized, analyzed; *L.*, 1450.
answer, to discharge (a debt), to pay (an obligation); *L.*, 83.
appaid, pleased; *L.*, 914.
argue, show, demonstrate; *L.*, 65.
askance, *adv.*, with averted look; *VA.*, 342.
askance, *vb.*, cause to look askance, turn aside; *L.*, 637.

balk, let slip, fail to seize; *L.*, 696.
ban, to curse,; *L.*, 1460; *VA.*, 326.
bane, destruction, death, cf. *Troilus and Cressida;* IV. ii. 98; *VA.*, 372.
barn, to store, as in a barn; *L.*, 859.
bate-breeding, quarrel-breeding; cf. *2 Henry IV*, II. iv. 271 and *Merry Wives*, I. iv. 12; *VA.*, 655.
bateless, that cannot be bated or blunted; *L.*, 9.
battery, breach, see note, *VA.*, 426.
battle, martial array, line; *VA.*, 619.
bay, see note, *VA.*, 877.
beguiled, deceived; *PP.*, 402: concealed or disguised by guile; *L.*, 1544.
beldam, strictly, a grandmother, but used of any aged woman; *L.*, 953, 1458.

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belied, proved false; *L.*, 1533.
bewray, to expose a person by revealing something to his discredit; *L.*, 1698; *PP.*, 352.
bias, habitual course or direction; *PP.*, 61.
blast, blight, cause to wither; *VA.*, 1142: be blighted; *L.*, 49.
blunt, rough, harsh, unsparing; *VA.*, 884; *L.*, 1398: uncultivated, rude, *L.*, 1504: clumsy, awkward; *L.*, 1300.
boll'n, swollen (with anger or exertion); *L.*, 1417.
break (in a special sense), to go into bankruptcy; still used in a similar sense of banks and financial institutions; *VA.*, 336.
by and by, straightway; *VA.*, 347; *L.*, 1292.

cabin, a dwelling or lodging; *VA.*, 1038; *PP.*, 183: the den or hole of a beast, *VA.*, 637.
cabinet, diminutive of *cabin*, q.v.; *VA.*, 854; *L.*, 442.
cavil, to complain, to find fault; *L.*, 1025, 1093.
champaign, open, level; *L.*, 1247.
cipher, decipher; *L.*, 811: disclose; *L.*, 207, 1396.
cite, arouse, excite; *PP.*, 195.
clepe, call; *VA.*, 995.
clip, embrace; *VA.*, 600; *PP.*, 148, 156.
close, enclose; *L.*, 761.
coast, approach, make one's way towards a person, cf. Spenser's *Daphnaida*, 39; *VA.*, 870.
comfortable (in an active sense), cheering; *L.*, 164.
compact (preterite participle, Lat. *compactus*), composed; *VA.*, 149; *L.*, 1423.
compacted, firmly and closely joined; *L.*, 530.
compass'd, curved, rounded; *VA.*, 272.
complexion, see note, *VA.*, 215.
conduct, guide, conductor; *L.*, 313.

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construe, interpret; *L.*, 324; *PP.*, 188.
convertite, a convert; *L.*, 743.
cope, encounter; *VA.*, 888; *L.*, 99.
copesmate, companion; *L.*, 925.
cross, thwart, oppose (cf. *crosses*, *L.*, 912; *PP.*, 257); *L.*, 286, 968.
curtal, having the tail cut short; *PP.*, 273.

daff, thrust aside; *PP.*, 183.
danger, power, see note, *VA.*, 639.
date, the time during which something lasts, duration, term of life; *L.*, 26, 935, 1729.
deathsman, executioner; as in Drayton's *Matilda*, ed. 1596, stanza 138; *L.*, 1001.
deface, outshine by contrast; *PP.*, 90, cf. Greene's *Friar Bacon*, xvi, 48.
defeature, disfigurement; *VA.*, 736.
defy, dislike; *PP.*, 167.
descant, warble, sing; see note, *L.*, 1134: discourse; *PP.*, 184.
desperate, hopeless; *VA.*, 336, 765: reckless, *VA.*, 556: greatly agitated; *L.*, 219.
digression, deviation from virtue, transgression; *L.*, 202.
dint, impression; *VA.*, 354.
discovery, disclosure; *VA.*, 828, *L.*, 1314.
disgrace, adverse fortune (without moral connotation); *PP.*, 36.
dispense with, condone; *L.*, 1070 (see note), 1279, 1704.
dive-dapper, dabchick; *VA.*, 186.
doom, sentence; *L.*, 1849.
dump, a mournful or plaintive melody or song; *L.*, 1127.

effect (only in singular), result, consequence; *VA.*, 800, 1132; *L.*, 532.

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effects (only in plural), execution, realization; *L.*, 353: action, working; *L.*, 251: outward manifestation, sign; *VA.*, 605; *L.*, 1555.
enchanting, charming; *VA.*, 247: deluding; *L.*, 1521.
enfranchising, freeing; *VA.*, 396.
engine, instrument, implement; see note, *VA.*, 367.
engirt, surround, enclose; *VA.*, 364; in a military sense, besieged; *L.*, 221, 1173.
enraged, inflamed with passion, cf. *Much Ado*, II. iii. 104; *VA.*, 29.
entertain, keep up, maintain; *L.*, 1514: (of time) occupy, fill up; *L.*, 1361: admit, give favorable reception to, *VA.*, 969; *L.*, 1629.
extenuate, disparage the importance of, make light of; *VA.*, 1010.

fall, to let fall, cf. *Richard II*, III. iv. 104; *L.*, 1551.
fault, see note, *VA.*, 694.
fear, to frighten, cf. *3 Henry VI*, V. ii. 2; *VA.*, 1094.
fence, ward off, repel; *L.*, 63.
fine, put an end to; *L.*, 936.
fire, eject forcibly; *PP.*, 28.
flaw, a sudden gust of wind, a squall; *VA.*, 456.
fond, foolish; *L.*, 1094.
force, to attach force or importance to; *L.*, 1021.
fraughted, stored, filled; *PP.*, 270.
fret, consume; *VA.*, 767; *L.*, 648: chafe, *VA.*, 75.
frets, bars placed on the finger-board of stringed instruments to regulate the fingering; *L.*, 1140.
froward, perverse, uncomplaisant; *VA.*, 562, 570; *PP.*, 56.
fulfilled, filled full; *L.*, 1258.

gage, a pledge, pawn; *L.*, 1351.
gender, race, kind; *PT.*, 18.

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giddy, whirling; *L.*, 952.
gorge, the crop of a bird of prey (a falconry term); *VA.*, 58.
graff, the earlier form of modern "graft," a shoot or scion inserted in another stock; *L.*, 1062.
grave, engrave; *VA.*, 376.
grin, to display the teeth, usually as an indication of pain or anger; cf. *Faerie Queene*, Book V. iv. stanza 37; *VA.*, 459.
gripe, a vulture, as in *Gorbuduc*, II. i. 114; *L.*, 543.
grisly, of terrifying appearance, grim, ghastly; *L.*, 926.
groom, a servant; *L.*, 671, 1334, 1345, 1632, 1645; a rustic person; see note, *L.*, 1013.
gross, monstrous, flagrant (of actions); *L.*, 1315: material, perceptible to the senses; *L.*, 1655: dense, thick, *VA.*, 150.

hap, good fortune; as in Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamond*, v. 235; *L.*, 42.
heartless, lacking heart or courage, frightened; *L.*, 471, 1392.
helpless, affording no help, powerless to help; *VA.*, 604; *L.*, 1027, 1056.
hild, preterite of "hold," see note, *L.*, 1257.
his, its (as often in Shakespeare); *VA.*, 359, 756, 960, 1132, 1140; *PT.*, 16.

imaginary, of the imagination, as in *Henry V*, Prol. 18; *VA.*, 597 (see note): of the nature of an image or representation; *L.*, 1422.
imposition, commandment, injunction; *L.*, 1697.
imposthume, abscess; *VA.*, 743.
indenting, zigzagging; cf. *As You Like It*, IV. iii. 113; *VA.*, 704.
insinuate with, ingratiate; *VA.*, 1012.
insult, exult arrogantly; cf. use of "insulter" (*VA.*, 550); *L.*, 509.

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intend, purpose; *VA.*, 587: pretend; *L.*, 121.
intendment, intention, purpose; see note, *VA.*, 222.
intituled, given rightful title to any possession or privilege; *L.*, 57.
invention, imagination, imaginative faculty; *VA.*, Dedic., 5: ingenuity, inventiveness, *L.*, 225: a design, plan, idea; *L.*, 1302.

jar, contention, quarrel; cf. Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, II. ii. 26; *VA.*, 100.

key-cold, see note, *L.*, 1774.
kind, nature; *L.*, 1147, 1242: natural; *L.*, 1423.

laund, an open space in a forest, a clearing; *VA.*, 813.
let, hinder, oppose; *L.*, 328: cease, forbear, *L.*, 10: hindrance; *L.*, 646.
livelihood, liveliness; cf. *All's Well*, I. i. 58; *VA.*, 26.
lour, to frown, look sullen; *VA.*, 75, 183.
lure, a contrivance used to recall hawks, consisting of a bunch of feathers to resemble a bird, to which was attached a long cord or thong; *VA.*, 1027.

margent, margin (of a book), in which was the commentary on the text itself; commentary; *L.*, 102.
mark, goal; *PP.*, 63.
mate, thwart (as in "check-mate"); *VA.*, 909.
meed, reward; *VA.*, 15; *L.*, 132.
mend, amend (cf. *L.*, 578); *VA.*, 478.
miss, wrong-doing, misdeed; *VA.*, 53.
moe, more; *L.*, 1479, 1615.
mot, a device, motto; *L.*, 830.
mover, living creature, cf. *Coriolanus*, I. v. 5; *VA.*, 368.
muset, an opening in a hedge; see note, *VA.*, 683.

nill (= ne will), will not; *PP.*, 188.

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o'erworn, worn out, decrepit; *VA.*, 135: out-worn, spent; cf. "outwore the night" (*VA.*, 841); *VA.*, 866.
orts, fragments of food left over from a meal, refuse scraps, cf. *Troilus and Cressida*, V. ii. 158; *L.*, 985.
overfly, fly beyond; cf. "overshoot" (*VA.*, 680); *VA.*, 324.
oversee, see note, *L.*, 1205.
overseen, betrayed into a fault or blunder, deluded or taken advantage of; *L.*, 1206.
owe, to possess, own; *L.*, 1803: under obligation to pay, owe; *VA.*, 411; see note, *L.*, 82., etc.

pale, pallor; *VA.*, 589; *L.*, 1512.
palfrey, "a saddle-horse for ordinary riding as distinguished from a war-horse." — *New Eng. Dict.*; *VA.*, 384.
parling, speaking; cf. the use of the verb in Marlowe's *Hero and Leander:* "These lovers parled by the touch of hands" (1st Sestiad, v. 185); *L.*, 100.
passenger, traveler; *VA.*, 91.
pelt, to throw out angry words; *L.*, 1418.
pencill'd, painted; pencil originally meant a fine brush; *L.*, 1497.
pikes, sharp points; cf. the account of the hedgehog in *Batman vppon Bartholome* (1582), Lib. XVIII, cap. 62: "And for roughnesse and sharpnesse of the pricks and pikes he is called *Hirenacius* or *Hiricius*, and hath as *Aristotle* saith, pikes instead of haire"; *VA.*, 620.
pine, languish; *L.*, 795: starve (intr.), *L.*, 905, 1115; starve (tr.), *VA.*, 602.
pioner, one of a body of soldiers whose duty it was to dig the trenches and prepare the roads for the army; *L.*, 1380.
pith, physical vigor; *VA.*, 26.
plaits, folds; *L.*, 93.
plausibly, approvingly; *L.*, 1854.

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precedent (Qq. *president*), outward sign, indication, evidence; *VA.*, 26; *L.*, 1261.
precurrer, forerunner; *PT.*, 6.
presently, immediately; *L.*, 1007.
press, a throng, crowd; *L.*, 1408.
prevent, anticipate, forestall; *VA.*, 471.
prone, lit., flat; fig., tending toward what is base, groveling; *L.*, 684.
purl, to curl; *L.*, 1407.

qualified, tempered, moderated; *L.*, 424.

rank, swollen, raging; *VA.*, 71.
rate, berate, chide; *VA.*, 906; *L.*, 304.
receipt, that which has been received, contents; as in *Coriolanus*, I. i. 116; *L.*, 703.
regard, observant attention; *L.*, 277, 305, 1400.
relent, melt, dissolve; *VA.*, 200; *L.*, 1829.
relief, sustenance; *VA.*, 235.
relier, one who relies upon some one or something; *L.*, 639.
remorse, pity, tenderness of heart; *VA.*, 257; *L.*, 269.
renying, the act of renouncing; *PP.*, 250.
repeal, recall from banishment; *L.*, 640.
respect, deliberation, reflection; *VA.*, 911; *L.*, 201, 275.
retiring, returning; see note, *L.*, 962.
rigol (Fr. *rigole*), a ring or circle; cf. 2 *Henry IV*, IV. v. 36; *L.*, 1745.
round, circle; *L.*, 952: globe, cf. *Antony and Cleopatra*, V. i. 15; *VA.*, 368.

sad, grave, serious; *L.*, 277.
scapes (clipped form of "escapes"), escapades, transgressions; *L.*, 747.

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seal-manual, signet; *VA.*, 516.
senseless, insensible; *VA.*, 211: "unbodied, spiritual, not subject to the senses," Furnivall; *L.*, 820.
silly, helpless, pitiable; *PP.*, 123, 218, 257.
sith, since (*conj.*); *VA.*, 762.
slip, counterfeit coin, as in *Romeo*, II. iv. 51; *VA.*, 515.
sneap, lit. check, restrain, and in a derived sense, deceive; cf. *Eng. Dial. Dict.*, under "snape"; *L.*, 333.
sod, past tense of *seethe*; *L.*, 1592.
sort, to fit, to make comformable to; *L.*, 1221.
spill (the original sense), to destroy; *L.*, 1801: to shed (blood or tears); *VA.*, 1167; *L.*, 999, 1236.
spleen, sudden impulse; *VA.*, 907.
spoil, despoil, plunder; *L.*, 1172: destroy, ruin; *L.*, 951.
spring, a young shoot or bud; *VA.*, 656: a copse, a growth of shrubs and young trees; cf. *Catholicon Anglicanum* (1483): "a Sprynge of wodde; virgultum;" cf. also *Eng. Dial. Dict.*; *L.*, 950.
stain, see note, *VA.*, 9.
stalled, fastened, secured; cf. "head-stall," in which this meaning of the word still survives; *VA.*, 39; *PP.*, 300.
stillitory, a still, alembic; *VA.*, 443.
suggest, inspire (an action); *VA.*, 651: tempt; see note, *L.*, 37; *PP.*, 16.
surcease, cease; *L.*, 1766.
surmise, reflection, thought; see note, *L.*, 83, 1579.
suspect, suspicion; *VA.*, 1010.

teen, pain; *VA.*, 808.
tender, cherish, have regard to; *L.*, 534.
threne, funeral song; *PT.*, 49.
tires, pulls and tears; *VA.*, 56.
toy, *vb.*, to dally amorously; *VA.*, 34, 106.

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toy, *sb.*, a bauble, a thing of no value; *L.*, 214: an idle conceit; *PP.*, 337.
treatise, see note, *VA.*, 774.
type, distinguishing mark, sign; *L.*, 1050.

unadvised, unintentional; *L.*, 1488.
uncouple, to loose hounds from their couples, so, to begin the chase, as in *Titus Andronicus*, II. ii. 3; *VA.*, 674.
unseasonable, out of the hunting season; *L.*, 581.
unsounded, unfathomed; *L.*, 1819.
urchin, hedgehog; *VA.*, 1105.

vail, lower, let fall; *VA.*, 314, 956.
vastly, like a waste; *L.*, 1740.

waste, spend; see note, *VA.*, 24.
wear (intr.), wear out; *VA.*, 506; *L.*, 560.
watch, keep awake; *VA.*, 584.
water-galls, a second rainbow, or a fragment of a rainbow said to prognosticate rainy weather; *L.*, 1588.
welkin, sky; *VA.*, 921; *L.*, 116.
wilful, wishful, desirous; *VA.*, 365; *L.*, 417.
winks, shuts the eyes; *VA.*, 90.
wistly, attentively; *VA.*, 343; *L.*, 1355; *PP.*, 82.
wittily, cleverly, shrewdly; *VA.*, 471.
wood, frantic, raving; *VA.*, 740.
wot, knows; *L.*, 1345; *PP.*, 254.
wrack, wreck (especially shipwreck), ruin; *VA.*, 454 (Qq), 558; *L.*, 966 and 1451 (Qq).

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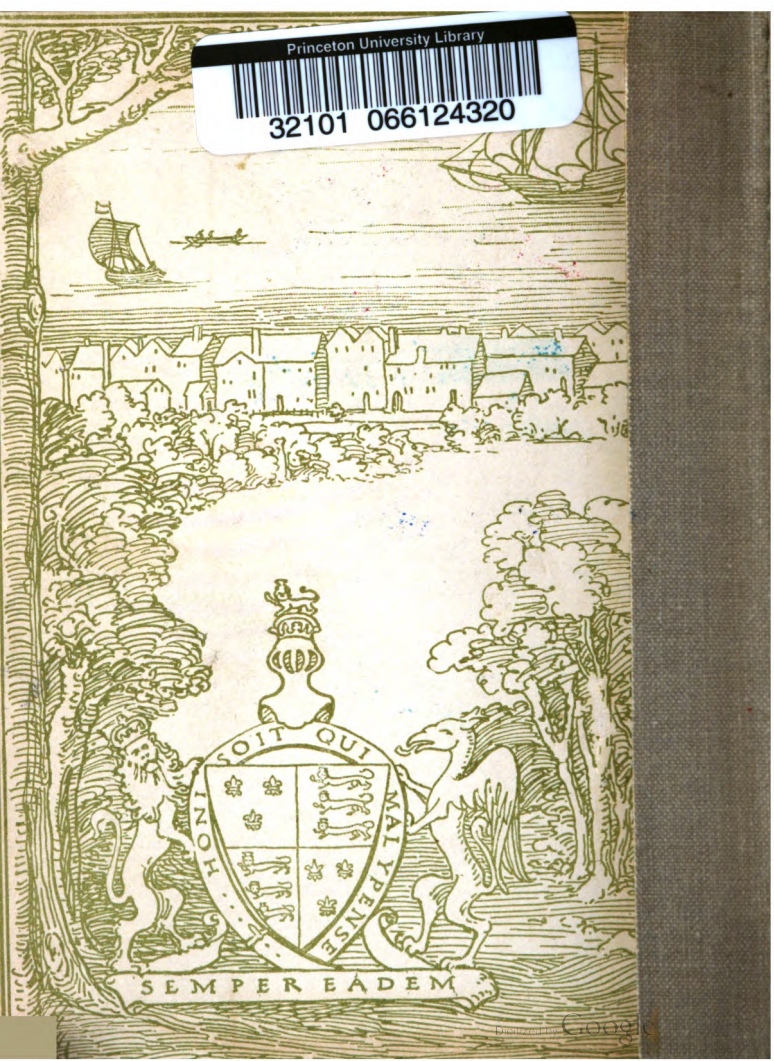

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